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Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

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## "The Peculiar Institution."

From the Ohio True Democrat.

### THE SLAVE SALE AT WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 15, 1848.

DEAR HAMLIN:—You will recollect Henry, the coloured man who waited upon the table at your boarding house, while you were here during the 2d session of the 28th Congress. He was a stout, athletic fellow, tolerably intelligent, and had bought himself of his owner, a Mrs. Wilcoxen, who lives at the Navy Yard. His wife is named Sylvia, and your lady will recollect her as a faithful and attentive servant. The terms on which Henry bought himself, were, to pay some three or four hundred dollars at stated periods. He had reduced the whole amount, as is said, to eleven dollars, which yet remain due. Six of this he had obtained, and he and his wife were looking forward to another week or two, which was to set him a freeman, or a chattel converted into a human being. They appeared cheerful and buoyant with hope and expectation for the future. Last evening, they were both in the lower room of the house, when three ruffians, in the shape of human beings, entered, seized Henry, and threw him down. One of them seized him by the throat to prevent him making a noise, when the others placed hand-cuffs upon his wrists, and then drawing their pistols, drove the servants and family back, and marched their victim to the slave-pen, which, you recollect, stands on Maryland Avenue and Seventh street.

I was out on an evening's walk at the time, in company with other gentlemen of the mess, and was ignorant of what had transpired until about six o'clock, when we returned. We found the family in deep distress and consternation. Poor Sylvia was overwhelmed with grief. She at once looked to us for relief, with an apparent hope that we might bring back her "affectionate husband," as she called him. Our landlady, I think, would have suffered no greater grief, if death had entered her family.—The first wish of my heart was, that I had been present to witness the outrage; but I am glad I was not. My friend Mr. ——— declared that his feelings prompted him to raise a party, and at whatever hazard, to prostrate that hated "negro-pen."—On reflecting, we found ourselves perfectly powerless. We were in a barbarous land, controlled by barbarous laws. The ruffians had done no more than the laws had authorized them to do. Henry's owner having received from him the full amount which he was to pay, but eleven dollars, and seeing that he was soon to be free, had sold him to Williams, the infamous slave-dealer, for five hundred dollars—a man by the name of Wilkinson, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, acting as the broker, to make the contract, receive the money, &c.; and having purchased the human chattel, this dealer in human flesh had the priviledge, by law, to seize him, choak him, and put him in irons in the presence of his wife and friends, and march him off to drag out the remainder of his earthly existence in the cotton fields of the South.

But we could not sit down quietly in the midst of so much distress. Your old friend Mr.——— and myself started for the slave-pen. The evening was not precisely cloudy, but the moon shone dimly through the smoky atmosphere. You know the building. It stands removed some distance from either road. As we approached, I could not but reflect that within its gloomy walls were yet retained all the horrid barbarity of the darker ages; yea, worse than this. The Slavery of Egypt, into which Joseph was sold more than four thousand years ago, was freedom compared with the Slavery of this District. The slave-trade of the Ishmaelites bore no comparison to the barbarous slave-trade of Washington city. Soon after we entered the yard, we met two men who appeared to be on parole duty. One of them turned round, and walking up to us, inquired if we wished to see Mr. Williams. We told him we did. He said Mr. Williams was not in, but his agent was.—We told him we would then see the agent. As we came near the door, he told us to keep round to the left of him, as a large dog was chained in front of the door. Ascending the steps, he led us through a dark passage to a somewhat spacious room, having the appearance of an office. In front of a fire two men were sitting, smoking segars. He introduced us to one of them as the agent. To him we made known our errand. They both rose to their feet, and agent said—"*The negur has gone. We took him immediately on board ship at Alexandria, and he has sailed for New Orleans.*" We told him the circumstances of his right to freedom. He assured us that it was not so—that "the negur" told him he had not paid one cent.

To this assertion his companion bore testimony, saying he heard it, &c. But such was our knowledge of the fact, that we believed the whole story to be entirely false, and that poor Henry was then in the slave-prison. But as we could do nothing, we left a place from which all that is amiable in our common nature appeared to have been, long since, expelled. As we were about to leave, one of the men led the way to the door, and placing himself in the passage leading to the prison, waited until we passed out. The other followed behind, and saw us safely into the street. At the gate we met Sylvia, who had followed us in the deepest anxiety. A few of her relations had accompanied her, weeping and sympathizing in her distress. All we could do was to tell her that we saw no hope of relief.

We have this morning taken measures to ascertain whether Henry is yet in prison. If so, we hope to release him. But we proceed with little expectation of success. You may imagine the poignancy of my feelings, when I reflect that this outrage is protected, encouraged, and sustained by acts of Congress, as clearly unconstitutional as would be a law to sell you or me from our families. Yet no efforts we can make—no Heaven-daring crimes, however flagrant, seem to take hold of either the pride or humanity of Northern members of Congress. The committees to whom petitions on this subject are sent, file them away in perpetual silence; time passes on, the slave-trade continues, humanity mourns; but we avert our eyes, and enter into the political conflicts of the day. My brother, let us toil in the cause of Freedom, though it be amid much persecution.

Editorial Correspondence of the Ohio True Democrat.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.

As all the most interesting proceedings of the Senate and House, up to this date, have been communicated to you, I will give a short sketch of other incidents here which may not be uninteresting to the readers of the Democrat.

### SLAVERY.

In the immediate vicinity of Washington city, and perhaps in the whole District, Slavery is more tolerable than in many of the Southern States. Yet, mild as are many of its features, here it is sufficiently abhorrent to excite the earnest attention, and enlist the feelings of any one who has a heart to feel, either for degraded humanity, or the honour of his country. As I stand upon Capitol Hill, and gaze above me, I behold upon the topmost peak of that magnificent building, where are congregated the law-makers of this great nation, the stars and stripes gracefully waving to the breeze of heaven, and in those I read that ALL men have an inalienable right to life, liberty and happiness. I pass on beyond the Capitol, and see before me a pen, within which are enclosed numbers of immortal beings, hand-cuffed and fettered, guilty of no crime. Above them, too, waves the American flag, and in, and around the doors are bodies of men, and dealers in human flesh, selling and purchasing God's image, with as little feeling as they would barter in common merchandize. This, too, under the very flag of the Nation's Capitol, within sight and hearing of Senators and Representatives, and by their consent.

To give you an illustration of the workings of Slavery—the *mild* Slavery of Washington city. As I sat in the room of the member from your District, conversing upon this subject, Mr. G. upon hearing a slight rap, opened the door and admitted a woe-begone looking coloured man, the picture of despair. He was invited to take a seat, but with considerable hesitation and trembling, he inquired if Mr. Giddings was in? Said Mr. G. "I am the person, what will you have?" "O, sar," said he, while the tears bedimmed his eyes, "our people told me that you had more feeling than the other men here, and the slave driver has taken my girl away. They have got her in the slave pen down thar, and are going to take her to New Orleans." Mr. G. inquired minutely into the case, and promised the poor fellow to do what he could to relieve the girl.

After the coloured man left, Mr. G. informed me that such cases were constantly occurring. A coloured man, who is the father of five lovely children, that live a few rods from M. G.'s boarding place, called upon him the same day for assistance. His whole family are to be sold in a short time, under the hammer. "My heart bleeds for those poor creatures," said Mr. G.; "Oh! that I had the power to break their fetters and relieve them." And whose soul would not be weary with anguish to witness day by day, such exhibitions of unmitigated suffering on the part of the oppressed, and of monstrous depravity on the part of the oppressor.

Is there no remedy for these God-provoking outrages? THERE IS, most emphatically. Congress has the power to strike off every fetter and yoke from every human being in the District of Columbia. But lamentable as it is, they have not the *will* nor the *moral courage* to do it. The great heart of the nation is corrupt. There is here and there a noble soul whose moral power is felt from one extremity of the nation to the other, but they are borne down by numbers.

From the Cleveland True Democrat.

### WHITE SLAVERY.

We have been furnished with the following facts in regard to White Slavery at the South by a gentleman now there. Such things are to be expected. He that would enslave a coloured person for money, would also a white person. A conscience that would permit the one would the other also. It was truly said by the Rev. John Wesley, that "Slavery was the sum of all villanies." Indeed it is difficult to imagine a crime which is not committed under its guardianship.

A WHITE SLAVE.—Washington, a white boy, was taken from Virginia to South Carolina at the age of seven, and thence to Georgia, and sold to Col. B. His daughter, the lady of a lawyer, related to me the fact, saying that the little fellow used to tell the story to their children, and weep. His tale was this: that his mother was very poor, and at the time when she was sick, he was placed in a "negro quarter," in the care of a negro woman, and at night a man came and tied his feet and hands and took him on horseback. He wept, and tried to scream; but the wretch placed his hands over his mouth. Col. B's wife prohibited his telling the story to the children, because it made them weep and unhappy. "Wash." died the slave of Col. B. at the age of 22.

ANOTHER.—Eliza was the offspring of parents in Virginia, in high life; but to conceal their guilt, their child when an infant, was placed with a nurse at the "negro quarters," and was there raised. She was a few years ago sold, and is now owned by Mr. P. in a Southern city. She is white, and has no negro blood in her composition, has raised up a family of coloured children. She is very badly treated.

This fact was told me by a lady, the wife of Judge ***, a slaveholder, who resides in the same city.

STILL ANOTHER.—A few years ago a negro trader exchanged a coloured slave for a little girl.—On his arrival in Alabama, two or three slaveholders protested that the child was white, and finally paid $400 for her, and returned her to Georgia, where it was ascertained that her parents died poor, and that she was sold into Slavery. The gentleman sent to her kindred in North Carolina. The lady who told me this story, says she saw the little girl, and she was a most beautiful child.

## Selections.

From the Louisville Examiner.

### BE JUST.

The following communication is from a prominent man, and a large slaveholder.

"I thank you most sincerely for your remarks in the review of Mr. Parker's letter. That I have not seen. But you have done us, as a class, no more than justice in what you have said, and as a class, we should acknowledge it.

Your paper is not taken in this neighbourhood; but we all see and read it. If I must confess the truth, a part of us have had the Examiner every Sabbath, and we have scanned it closely; and with no friendly eye. But on reading that article, with one exception, we came to the conclusion, not only that you were ready to do slaveholders justice, but that you were determined that no one should do them injustice. * * * *

It were a vain pretence if I did not admit that your principles go to the root of the evil—for I must admit Slavery to be an evil, and that you have used spade and axe in digging it up, with so much courtesy, with such a Christian spirit as to disarm malevolence, and quiet opposition. At first, I was ready to go to any extreme against you. I proposed violent measures. My motion was not seconded, and I rejoice at it—not that friends did not concur with me, but that they thought the measures I proposed inexpedient, and calculated to increase, rather than decrease, Anti-Slavery feeling.

Since then I have thought, as I read your paper, that being the only emancipation journal I see—over the whole subject, and though I am not prepared to take open ground, which I may do soon, yet I confess, I see nothing left to Kentucky, but to resort to emancipation. I could get along, and do well. I have a place in society. But I know that the poor white men have no chance—that they are leaving us—that none are coming in—and that, as a community or State, we can never flourish, while this state of things exists. Shall I look to myself?—That were selfish and mean. And if I did, what will my boys and girls do, for I cannot leave them a large estate, if they are left to scramble for themselves? I shudder at the thought. If I look to them, if I look to myself, taking a proper view of self-interest, I can only say, let us emancipate—the sooner the better.

The nearer a man comes to conviction, the more apt he is to be mad, and irritable, and I felt this on the subject of Slavery without knowing the cause. I think I understand it now. I have abused you—denounced the Examiner, and my abuse and denunciation was more bitter, as I was approaching the point, which enabled me to see my own error—and sin. I have passed it at last. And at the proper time,—though not now, you will find me ranged along-side with you, and with you, ready to do full justice to the slave, and act righteously towards the white. I write this for you—not for the Examiner, and will make good what I say, as I believe your cause to be founded on principle, and your arguments just. The man that can do justice to us, (slaveholders,) is prepared to do justice to all. * * *

Thanks, friend, for what you say! We rejoice that you see the light. We rejoice still more, that you are determined to make others see it. There will be no difficulty in this mood of mind and temper of the soul, to know the truth, and knowing, to defend or diffuse it. But since the subject is broached, we ask this generous slaveholder, ask all just and generous slaveholders, to look at some of those causes,—independent of the wrong itself,—which forces Mr. Parker—which forces honest men everywhere,—to look with horror upon the institution—to regard it as a black and damning curse.

1. This day fortnight we stood on our wharf. It was a bright and beautiful day. The air was balmy, and all nature seemed in sweetest harmony. Hundreds were out enjoying the scene, and the man of business, all engaged as he was, seemed disposed to forget its call, and partake of its pleasures. Yet at this moment—it was near mid-day—a gang of negroes, manacled, and linked together by an iron chain, a white man in front, and another in the rear, was driven along, attracting all eyes! A cold shudder ran through the crowd. It was a sight which startled and shocked us all. Now suppose an intelligent stranger, visiting us, had witnessed this sight—suppose him to have known nothing of Slavery except what its friends aver—what would he have thought—what have said—when he reached his free home?—Bitter words would leap to his tongue. Hot feelings of indignation would burn in his heart. He could not forget this sight, nor could he ever after help speaking of Slavery as the darkest of human wrongs. Yet this display may be witnessed in all our commercial marts and at our very capital!

2. Further. Suppose a man every way well disposed towards us, and ready to do us full justice, in all respects, should, for the first time, attend a sale of negroes. None of us like to do it. "I never could," said an intelligent slave-holder to us the other day, "stand by and witness their sale, as if they were oxen." And such, we believe, is the general feeling. Well, the stranger goes to the auction.—He sees a woman on the block. Many persons surround her, wishing to buy, and he hears questions as to her age, her habits, her soundness. Not content with this, he sees one rudely feeling her muscles, to be certain that she is strong and healthful! As a man, as a citizen, unaccustomed to such scenes, never realizing that such things could be, must he not be shocked? Will not the blood rush from his heart, and tingle in his veins, as if it were all on fire? Yet there is no slave State, no part of any slave State, which is not forced to witness scenes as sad as this!

3. Nay, as to that, a darker picture remains to be unfolded. In that auction room are many slaves.—The old and the young are there. Fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, set side by side, fearing everything, yet knowing not what they fear. Are these family ties heeded? As the father ascends the block, does his wife accompany him, do their children gather around them—and do we hear the slave-seller say, "this is one family, they cannot be separated?" Alas, it is not so! The father stands alone. The wail of his wife may be heard—the agonizing sobs of the children may ring in our ears, it is of no avail; the sale goes on, the holiest ties are rudely snapped asunder, and they whom God had ordained should love each other, and live together, forcibly and forever separated. Tell us, friend, tell us human slave-holder, if any stranger could witness a sight like this, or read, or hear of it, and not denounce the institution as accursed? Can we expect, do we ask, that men afar off should deal gently with it, write or speak kindly of it, when it concentrates within itself terrors which shocked the heathen, and which, if narrated to us of any other people, would make our very blood boil with indignation?

4. And now imagine that the stranger seeing these things should turn to our statute books, and look closely at our slave laws! Here, the freeman may be sold into Slavery forever, if he be unable to pay a trifling fine. There, it is a criminal offence to teach the slave to read the word of God—that word which we are commanded to study and know—that word which the Saviour died to teach. In one State, marriages are not allowed; the law making the offspring of any union among slaves illegitimate. In none are they legalized. Everywhere is public opinion in advance of our slave code. Everywhere are slave owners really more humane and christian than the law. That, in spirit, is vindictive, cruel, irreligious; no barbarian code is so bad. Yet it is *that*, and that alone by which the great majority of the people of the world judge us, by which they judge the institution of Slavery. Is it strange, that they should judge harshly? They were more or less than men if they did otherwise.

This being so, what should those slave-holders do, who are resolved to defend the institution to the last? What those other slaveholders, who, like our friend, are ready for emancipation? Demand instantly a change of these barbarous laws—demand that slaves, ignorant and despised though they be, shall have and be taught to read the word of God, and know of Him who died for all; demand that their marriages shall be held sacred, that no home or family ties shall again be rudely broken. This is what slaveholders should do instantly, in justice to themselves, in justice to the blacks, in justice to their country, and their God.

From the Liverpool Mercury, January 7.

### POLK'S DEFENCE OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

Mr. Polk's Mexican policy is invulnerable, if you only concede to him two postulates, the one directly and the other inferentially begged. Just favour him with the admission, first, that Mexico began the war by invading the United States and shedding the blood of United States' citizens on their own soil; and, secondly, that the Mexicans come not within the category of civilized communities, nor have any higher title to plead the *jus gentium* in vindication of their right to unreclaimed territorial possessions than a savage horde of red Indians—and the President's case is complete. Both these assumptions are, however, at variance with fact; and as we deny Mr. Polk's premises, we cannot accept his conclusions.

The plain unvarnished tale of this Mexican invasion is thinly veiled by all the wrappages of the ingeniously tortuous circumlocution of the President's message. The advantages, real or supposed, of the annexation of New Mexico and the Californias stands out, in grand relief, as the *primum mobile* of the whole business. To negotiate the voluntary cession of these territories by Mexico, for a pecuniary consideration, might have been a tedious and difficult affair. So Mr. Polk preferred cutting the Gordian knot by picking a quarrel with Mexico about the Texan boundary, and then running up a bill of war-costs against the sister republic, which she could only discharge by "territorial indemnity;" that is, by closing with any terms of settlement her victorious neighbour might be disposed to offer.

It is amusing to notice the ingenuity with which Mr. Polk would syllogise the Congress into an implied acquiescence, *ab initio*, with his policy of territorial extension. Granted that I began the war. You, the Congress, voted supplies for its prosecution. In doing so, you doubtless expected repayment of your advances; and as you knew that Mexico could not pay you back in money, you must, of course, have looked to an acquisition of territory for reimbursement. Therefore, you are bound to support me in the ultimatum of peace I offer to Mexico—the boundary of the Rio Grande, and the cession of New Mexico and the Californias. Courage then, and let us be unanimous, as that greatest and best of men, Washington, always counselled.

But where shall we find words to express the boundless impudence of the protest urged by the President for a continuance of the war with Mexico, that, if the United States have any squeamishness about stealing the Californias, European powers will not be troubled by any such conscientious scruples? Some of these governments, Mr. Polk gives Congress to wit, have already set their hearts on these possessions, and will soon set their hands on them too, unless the Union anticipates them. This is simply untrue; and Mr. Polk knows it to be untrue. No European power dreams of the acquisition of the Californias, either by conquest or purchase. But what crimes will not such an argument justify? Think of Russia seizing Turkey, and vindicating her conquest, on the plea, that if she did not, England or France might, and no doubt would, make the appropriation! Did it never occur to Mr. Polk that the French may have cast a sheep's eye on Canada, and that the States had better cut them out of it by an anterior "conquest?" The best of the joke is, that the President's stimulated apprehensions of the intentions of foreign Governments are put forward *unico contextu* with the re-assertion of what he holds to be the settled policy of the States, "that no foreign power shall, with our consent, be permitted to plant or establish any new colony or dominion on any part of the North American continent." To prevent the contingency of having practically to maintain the principle, Mexico must be dispossessed of her territories, and the American eagle hold in her claws the quarry. But, by parity of reasoning, all other powers besides should be swept out of the North American continent. Why not also dispossess Great Britain and Russia? We guess the President's answer;—He would if he could.

How strangely does Mr. Polk's summons to the acquisition of fresh territorial possessions contrast with his statement in regard to the myriad acres of unreclaimed land in the heart of the Western States lying unsaleable, like so much profitless stock, on the hands of the General Government? The waste public lands of the Union afford room for the expansive powers of her population for ages to come. And Mr. Polk advises a forced sale of these, in order to raise the wherewithal for acquiring and holding new possessions on the shores of the Pacific. Go-ahead is his motto. He seems quite unconscious of the truth that expansion may proceed at a rate too fast for healthful growth, and that a population spread out beyond its powers of profitable reclamation of the wilderness, must verge to savage life.

How inconsistent, too, with the taunt of Mexico's inability to put her territories to use—which is gravely adduced as warranting the United States in taking the work upon themselves—is the President's confessions of the wide-spread wastes within the dominions of his own Republic! What would Mr. Polk say to the "foreign government" that should make its power to people and reclaim these wastes the plea for appropriating them? Try, if you dare, would be his defiance. This brings us to the conclusion of the whole matter—that Mexico's feebleness is the sole warrant of the aggressive proceedings of the United States. The Mexican invasion is essentially a struggle of might against right. It is all summed up in the maxim of the Highland freebooter—*teste* Wordsworth—

"The simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

### RECENT SCENES OF THE WAR.

A correspondent of the New Orleans Delta writing from San Miguel, under date of Jan. 4, says—"War appears to me to have a tendency to blunt men's feelings, and I am inclined to think the profession of arms almost as demoralizing as its brother professions, Law, the Church, and Physic. I am led to think so from the case of a fine fellow now here. He began life a promising lawyer. He shot a few people, (clients who would 'nt pay,) then got religion, joined the Church, and became a Methodist preacher. He was a *star* preacher—got married, and fulfilled the law of nature, 'increase, multiply, and replenish,' &c.; but being detected in some slight peccadilloes at a gambling table, he was expelled from the church, and practiced medicine. He fought splendidly in the late skirmish, and seemed to court death, but could not find it."

And he then relates the following:

Our people behaved rather badly at Parras. Somehow an Irishman, not connected with the army, picked a quarrel with one of the Rangers, an inoffensive German named Peltz. He shot Peltz through the head, and one of the Rangers blew the assassin's brains out. They then got on a spree, and killed a few jackasses and bulldogs, and two Mexicans who had managed to get mixed up in the business. The murderers of the Mexicans have not yet been discovered; it was believed—and it is now known—that they were not Rangers.

The dead bodies were carried into a neighbouring house and placed alongside a dying gambler, a desperado from Tennessee. He was in the last stage of galloping consumption, and his latest breath was expended in blaspheming his Maker, boasting of having committed five murders, and regretting that he could not carry his money to Hell, and cheat the devil at poker! He died that night, and left $2,000 in gold behind him.

The writer is with Captain Lewis's party, in search of the Camanches. On their way they—

Near San Nicolas, (the farthest frontier rancho to the north'ard and west'ard) struck a broad trail and followed it for some time without finding, as we had been led to expect, either grass for our horses or cattle for ourselves—nothing, in fact, in the shape of beef, except one dead Camanche, and he had been defunct twenty-four hours, so his beef was offensive and of course useless to us. He was stretched (not like Larry) under a jutting rock, and

"Lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his blanket wrapped around him."

His unstrung bow, in its case of antelope skin, and his empty quiver lay beside him; so did his lance-head—the shaft was broken: he held to his heart a doe-skin purse, containing his flint and steel; it was, perhaps, the parting gift of the "girl he left behind him;" his gala dress was on, and his arms were ornamented to the shoulders with thick rings of brass. Our two guides—one a Kereese Indian, the other a Mexican, (*par nobile*) observed him first, and plundered him in a moment of everything. The Indian then gave him a kick in the ribs, saying—"Him much bad—no Christian—me baptize." The Mexican gave the corpse a few bats on the head with a big stone, and cried, "Him good dead now."

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DREADFUL SCENE.—The National Intelligencer publishes the following letter:

SALTILLO, December 29.

Yesterday (Monday) one of the most painful scenes took place here I ever witnessed. A soldier by the name of Victor Galbraith, a bugler in Captain Mier's company of volunteer cavalry was shot for threatening the Captain's life. The troops were all mustered to witness the dreadful scene. The unhappy prisoner was brought forward under the charge of the Provost Marshal and guard. Sixteen men were detailed and formed in single file. The prisoner calmly sat down on his coffin at about eight paces distant, and looked the executioners' firmly in the face. His sentence was then read to him; he then threw his head backward, and said to the men: "Take good aim; I am ready to die." They fired; he fell immediately, having received three balls in his body; but in a few moments he again rose, resting on his elbow, and asked for water, and drank. He then said: "Kill me at once, and relieve me of my misery;" when four of the men who had reserved their fire advanced, and, placing the muzzle of their guns to within a few inches of his body, fired, almost cutting him asunder. Truly, he was the most resolute man I ever saw. Some of the officers was entirely overcome by the distressing sight.

Last night one of our company—an Irishman by the name of Kelley—was very dangerously stabbed by some person unknown. It is thought he will not recover.

From the Springfield Gazette.

### AN ORDINATION IN OLDEN TIME.

The following literal copy of a letter, written one hundred and thirty-four years ago, by a member of the ordaining council at the settlement of the first Pastor over the old South Society in Danvers, has been furnished us by a relative of the person who was ordained, and is well worth reading. The fate of Pomp Shorter and of Pequot, and the scrupulous regard for the Sabbath manifested by the worthy Council over their vension, may provoke a smile; but it would be well if more of the same reverence for sacred things had been maintained by succeeding generations:

SALEM, 25th September, 1713.

HONORED AND DEAR FRIEND:—Through ye goodness of Providence we arrived in this place after dark Tuesday night, and are now staying with your Brother Thomas at ye Precinct. The reason we got there so late, was because we were detained a long time at ye ferry, as ye boat was on ye Charlestown side, and ye roads were very bad, and ye streams very high on account of ye great rains. Mr. Appleton of Cambridge, did not get here till Wednesday evening, at 9 o'clock, his horse being weary, so he tarried all night at Reading. Your Brother Thomas says ye place has grown very much since you lived here, and that ye Church has got 40 members, who came off from Mr. Noyes Church in Salemtown, 13 men and 27 women; and ye town has granted ye Precinct 5 acres of land, and ye Province £5 a year for 5 years, for ye support of ye gospel in ye Precinct. Ye church have made choice of ye Revd. Benjamin Prescott for their Pastor, and voted him £60 a year, and 15 cords of wood, for his salary, when single, and £75 when he shall be married. Mr. Prescott is ye oldest son of ye Esquire Jonathan Prescott of Concord, and is a promising man about 25 years old, and betrothed to Elizabeth Higginson, a comely daughter of Mr. John Higginson. Ye new meeting house is situated in a pleasant Valley, near a stream of water on ye village road, about a mile from town bridge. Ye service in ye meeting house began by reading a portion of ye 119th psalm by Rev. C. Mather, after which he read a portion from Thomas Allen's *invitation to thirsty sinners*. Mr. Hubbard your excellent minister then offered up a fervent prayer and a psalm was sung to a most solemn tune, ye oldest deacon reading line by line, in solemn voice, so that ye whole congregation could join.—Mr. Bowers of Beverly next offered ye prayer of Ordination and Consecration, with ye laying on of ye hands of ye Elders. Mr. Appleton preached ye sermon from 2 Cor. 2d Chap. 16th verse, last clause, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Another psalm was then sung, and then Mr. Shepard gave ye charge, and Rev. Mr. Green of ye Village, ye hand of fellowship, and Mr. Garrish of Wentham made ye concluding prayer,—there was an immense concourse of people in ye house so that every part of ye house was crowded and some were on ye beams over ye heads of ye congregation.

Ye Governor was in ye house, and her majesty's commissioners of ye customs, and they set togeather on a high seat by ye pulpit stairs. Ye Governor appears very devout and attentive, although he favours Episcopacy and tolerates ye Quakers and Baptists, but is a strong opposer of ye Papists. He was dressed in a black Velvet Coat, bordered with gold lace, and buff breeches with gold buckles at ye knees, and white silk stockings. *There was a disturbance in ye galleries, where it was filled with divers negroes, mulattoes and Indians,* and a negro call'd Pomp Shorter, belonging to Mr. Gardner, was called forth and put in ye broad aisle, where he was reproved with great carefulness and solemnity. *He was then put in ye deacon's seat, between two Deacons in view of ye whole congregation;* but ye Sexton was ordered by Mr. Prescott to take him out, because of his levity and strange contortion of countenance (giving *grave scandal to ye grave Deacons*) and put him in ye lobby under ye stairs; some children and a mulatto Woman were reprimanded for laughing at Pomp Shorter. When ye services at ye house were ended, ye council and other dignitaries, were entertained at ye house of Mr. Epes, on the hill near by, and we had a bountiful table, with bear's meat and Vension, the last of which was from a fine buck shot in the woods near by. Ye Bear was kill'd in Lynn Woods, near Reading. After ye blessing was craved by Mr. Garrish of Wentham, word came *that ye buck was shot on ye Lord's day*, by Pequot an Indian, who came to Mr. Epes with a lye in his mouth, like Ananias of old; ye council thereupon refused to eat ye Vension; but it was afterwards agreed that Pequot should receive 40 stripes save one, for lying and *profaining ye Lord's day, restore Mr. Epes* the cost of ye deer; and considering this a just and righteous sentence on ye sinful Heathen, and *that a blessing had been craved on ye meat, ye council all partook of it, but Mr. Shepard, whose conscience was tender on ye point of Vension.*

Ye people are much rejoiced to have ye Gospel Ordinances established among them; and ye house is well built three stories high 28 by 42 feet, with good oak timber and covered with one and a half inch plank, and with clapboards on that, and it is intended to have ye inside finished with plastering when the precinct are able. Ye pulpit and ye deacon's seat are made of good Oak; and a green cushion on ye pulpit was given by Mr. Higginson.

I had the above particulars from Mr. Trask ye builder of ye house, who is a man of considerable acquirements. He also told me that he prepared a box to put under ye foundation, containing ye year of our Lord that ye building was begun and various particulars about ye forming of ye Church. He also put in ye copper coyns of ye Reign of our blessed Sovereign Queen Ann, and an epistle to ye sovereign who shall reign over these Provinces, when ye box shall be found, and another to the Household of Faith in ye Salem Middle Precinct, exhorting them to maintain ye doctrine of ye founders to ye utter confusion and shame of all Papists, Mass Mongers, and other heretical misbelievers. Mr. Trask who is himself a Godly man and a member of ye church, would not agree to put ye box under ye house, as they thought that it savoured of presumption and vain glorying; and some of them would not agree to ye sentiments of ye letter to ye Household of Faith, but he privily put ye box under ye pulpit, when ye house was near built, enclosed in bricks and good Clay Mortar, without ye knowledge of ye Church. Mr. Trask thinks that ye frame of ye house will stand two or three hundred years, if it is well covered from ye weather. There have been great rejoicings with us in Boston on account of ye glorious news of peace, and may ye Lord long continue ye blessing and avert ye judgments we deserve.

LAWRENCE CONANT.

### EXTRACTS FROM WOOLMAN'S JOURNAL.

*Thirteenth of 5th Month*, 1757.—Soon after I entered this province, a deep and painful exercise came upon me, which I often had some feeling of, since my mind was drawn toward these parts, and with which I had acquainted my brother before we agreed to join as companions. As the people in this and the Southern Provinces live much on the labour of slaves, many of whom are used hardly, my concern was that I might attend with singleness of heart to the voice of the true Shepherd, and be so supported as to remain unmoved at the faces of men.

As it is common for friends on such a visit to have entertainment free of cost, a difficulty arose in my mind with respect to saving my money by kindness received, from what appeared to me to be the gain of oppression. Receiving a gift, considered as a gift, brings the receiver under obligations to the benefactor, and has a natural tendency to draw the obliged into a party with the giver. To prevent difficulties of this kind, and to preserve the minds of judges from any bias, was that divine prohibition—"Thou shalt not receive any gift; for a gift blindeth the wise, and perverteth the words of the righteous." Exod. xxiii. 8. As the disciples were sent forth without any provision for their journey, and our Lord said the workman is worthy of his meat, their labour in the gospel was considered as a reward for their entertainment, and therefore not received as a gift; yet, in regard to my present journey, I could not see my way clear in that respect.—The difference appears thus: the entertainment the disciples met with, was from them whose hearts God had opened to receive them, from a love to them and the truth they published; but we considered as members of the same religious society, look upon it as a piece of civility to receive each other in such visits; and such receptions, at times, is partly in regard to reputation, and not from an inward unity of heart and spirit. Conduct is more convincing than language; and where people, by their actions, manifest that the slave-trade is not so disagreeable to their principles but that it may be encouraged, there is not a sound uniting with some friends that visit them.

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As I copy this after my return, I may here add, that oftentimes I did so, under a sense of duty. The way in which I did it was thus: when I expected soon to leave a friend's house where I had entertainment, if I believed that I should not keep clear from the gain of oppression without leaving money, I spoke to one of the heads of the family privately, and desired them to accept of these pieces of silver, and give them to such of their negroes as they believed would make the best use of them: and at other times, I gave them to the negroes myself, as the way looked clearest to me. Before I came out, I had provided a large number of small pieces for this purpose; and thus offering them to some who appeared to be wealthy people, was a trial both to me and them. But the fear of the Lord so covered me at times, that my way was made easier than I expected; and few, if any, manifested any resentment at the offer, and most of them, after some conversation, accepted of them.

*Ninth of 5th Month.*—A friend at whose house we breakfasted setting us a little on our way, I had conversation with him, in the fear of the Lord concerning his slaves; in which my heart was tender; I used much plainness of speech with him, and he appeared to take it kindly. We pursued our journey without appointing meetings, being pressed in my mind to be at the Yearly Meeting in Virginia. In my travelling on the road, I often felt a cry rise from the centre of my mind, thus: "O Lord, I am a stranger on earth, hide not thy face from me."—On the eleventh, we crossed the rivers Patowmack, and Rapahannock, and lodged at Port Royal. On the way we had the company of a Colonel of the militia, who appeared to be a thoughtful man. I took occasion to remark on the difference in general betwixt a people used to labour moderately for their living, training up their children in frugality and business, and those who live on the labour of slaves; the former, in my view, being the most happy life. He concurred in the remark, and mentioned the trouble arising from the untoward, slothful disposition of the negroes; adding, that one of our labourers would do as much in a day as two of their slaves. I replied, that freemen, whose minds were properly on their business, found a satisfaction in improving, cultivating, and providing for their families; but negroes, labouring to support others who claim them as their property, and expecting nothing but Slavery during life, had not the like inducement to be industrious.

After some further conversation I said, that men having power, too often misapplied it; that though we made slaves of the negroes, and the Turks made slaves of the Christians, I believe that liberty was the natural right of all men equally. This he did not deny; but said the lives of the negroes were so wretched in their own country, that many of them lived better here than there. I replied, there is a great odds in regard to us, on what principle we act; and so the conversation on this subject ended. I may here add, that another person, sometime afterwards, mentioned the wretchedness of the negroes, occasioned by their intense wars, as an argument in favour of our fetching them away for slaves. To which I replied, if compassion for the Africans, on account of their domestic troubles, was the real motive of our purchasing them, that spirit of tenderness being attended to, would incite us to use them kindly; that as strangers brought out of affliction, their lives might be happy among us. And as they are human creatures, whose souls are as precious as ours, and who may receive the same help and comfort from the holy scriptures as we do, we could not omit suitable endeavours to instruct them therein; but that while we manifest by our conduct, that our views in purchasing them are to advance ourselves; and while our buying captives taken in war, animates those parties to push on the war, and increase desolation among them; to say they live unhappy in Africa, is far from being an argument in our favour, I further said, the present circumstances of these provinces to me appear difficult; the slaves look like a burdensome stone to such as burden themselves with them; and that if the white people retain a resolution to prefer their outward prospects of gain to all other considerations, and do not act conscientiously toward them as fellow-creatuaes, I believe that burden will grow heavier and heavier, until times change in a way disagreeable to us. The person appeared very serious; and owned, that in considering their condition, and the manner of their treatment in these provinces, he has sometimes thought that it might be just in the Almighty so to order it.

Having travelled through Maryland, we came amongst friends at Cedar Creek in Virginia, on the twelfth; and the next day rode in company with several friends, a day's journey to Camp Creek. As I was riding along in the morning, my mind was deeply affected in a sense I had of the want of divine aid to support me, in the various difficulties which attended me; and in uncommon distress of mind, I cried in secret to the Most High. "O Lord be merciful, I beseech thee, to thy poor afflicted creature." After some time, I felt inward relief; and soon after, a friend in company began to talk in support of the slave-trade, and said, the negroes were understood to be the offspring of Cain, their blackness being the mark which God set upon him, after he murdered Abel his brother; that it was the design of Providence they should be slaves, as a condition proper to the race of so wicked a man as Cain was. Then another spake in support of what had been said. To all which I replied in substance as follows: that Noah and his family were all who survived the flood, according to scripture; and as Noah was of Seth's race, the family of Cain was wholly destroyed. One of them said, that after the flood, Ham went to the Land of Nod and took a wife; that Nod was a land, far distant, inhabited by Cain's race, and that the flood did not reach it; and as Ham was sentenced to be a servant of servants to his brethren, these two families being thus joined, were undoubtedly fit only for slaves. I replied, the flood was a judgment upon the world for their abominations; and it was granted that Cain's stock was the most wicked, and therefore unreasonable to suppose that they were spared. As to Ham's going to the land of Nod for a wife, no time being fixed, Nod might be inhabited by some of Noah's family, before Ham married a second time; moreover the text saith, "That all flesh died that moved upon the earth." Gen. vii. 21. I further reminded them how the prophets repeatedly declare, "that the son shall not suffer for the iniquity of the father; but every one be answerable for his own sins." I was troubled to perceive the darkness of their imaginations; and in some pressure of spirit said, the love of ease and gain are the motives in general of keeping slaves, and men are wont to take hold of weak arguments to support a cause which is unreasonable. I have no interest on either side, save only the interest which I desire to have in the truth. I believe liberty is their right, and as I see they are not only deprived of it, but treated in other respects with inhumanity in many places, I believe He, who is a refuge for the oppressed, will, in his own good time, plead their cause; and happy will it be for such as walk in uprightness before Him. And thus our conversation ended.

### DEATH OF EX-PRESIDENT ADAMS.

The venerable Patriot and Statesman, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, says the National Intelligencer of 24th ultimo, expired at the Capitol last evening a little after 7 o'clock. He lingered, to all appearance, insensible and unconscious from the period of his attack on Monday until an hour after sunset last evening, when he gently breathed his last, and his "spirit returned to God who gave it." It is not for us to pronounce the eulogy of one so eminent, and so honourably and constantly associated with all that was exalted in his country's history, from the very foundation of the Government to the present time. That task will be fittingly discharged by more competent and more appropriate hands. It will suffice for this brief notice to say, that few men have filled a larger space or acted a more important part in the great civil affairs of their country; that few have commanded a higher admiration for abilities, or won a wider respect for unwavering integrity and a rigid adherence to his views of duty. His domestic character was not less bright than his public, and was truly above all praise and all reproach.

### FUNERAL HONOURS TO MR. ADAMS.

At the usual hour of meeting of the two Houses of Congress, yesterday, says the Intelligencer of the 25th, a full attendance of Members and crowded audiences attested the deep interest of the occasion which called the two Houses to offer public testimonials of their profound respect for the memory of Hon. John Quincy Adams, who breathed his last on the preceding evening, and whose mortal remains yet lay within the walls of the Capitol.

In the Senate Hon. John Davis, of Massachusetts, announced the death of Mr. Adams in the following words. We copy the report of the Tribune's Correspondent:

MR. PRESIDENT: By the recent affliction of my colleague, a painful duty devolves upon me. The message just delivered from the House proves that the hand of God has been again among us. A great and good man has gone from our midst. If, in speaking of John Quincy

Adams, I can give utterance to the language of my own heart, I am confident I shall meet with a response from the Senate.

He was born in the then Province of Massachusetts, while she was girding herself for the great Revolutionary struggle which was then before her. His parentage is too well known to need even an allusion; yet I may be pardoned if I say that his father seemed born to aid in the establishment of our free Government, and his mother was a suitable companion and co-labourer of such a patriot. The cradle hymns of the child were the songs of liberty. The power and competence of man for self government were the topics which he most frequently heard discussed by the wise men of the day; and the inspiration thus caught gave form and pressure to his after life. Thus early imbued with the love of free institutions, educated by his father for the service of his country, and early led by Washington to its altar, he has stood before the world as one of its eminent statesmen. He has occupied in turn, almost every place of honour which the country could give him, and for more than half a century has been thus identified with its history. Under any circumstances, I should feel myself unequal to the task of rendering justice to his memory, but, with the debilitating effect of bad health still upon me, I can only with extreme brevity touch upon some of the most prominent features of his life.

While yet a young man he was, in May, 1794, appointed Minister Resident to the States General of the United Netherlands. In May, 1796, two years after, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary at Lisbon, in Portugal. These honours were conferred on him by George Washington, with the advice and consent of the Senate.

In May, 1797, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of Prussia. In March, 1798, and probably while at Berlin, he was appointed a Commissioner with full powers to negotiate a treaty of amity and commerce with Sweden.

After his return to the United States he was elected by the Legislature of Massachusetts a Senator, and discharged the duties of that station in this Chamber from the 4th of March, 1803, until June, 1808, when differing from his colleague and from the State upon a great political question, he resigned his seat. In June, 1809, he was nominated and appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. Petersburg.

While at that Court, in February, 1811, he was appointed an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States to fill a vacancy occasioned by the death of Judge Cushing, but never took his seat upon the Bench.

In May, 1813, he, with Messrs. Gallatin and Bayard, was nominated Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to negotiate a treaty of peace with Great Britain, under the mediation of Russia, and a treaty of commerce with Russia. From causes which it is unnecessary to notice, nothing was accomplished under this appointment. But afterward, in January, 1814, he, with Messrs. Gallatin, Bayard, Clay, and Russel, were appointed Ministers Plenipotentiary and Extraordinary to negotiate a treaty of peace and a treaty of commerce with Great Britain. This mission succeeded in effecting a pacification, and the name of Mr. Adams is subscribed to the treaty of Ghent.

After this eventful crisis in our public affairs, he was, in February, 1815, selected by Mr. Madison to represent the country and protect its interest at the Court of St. James, and he remained there as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary until Mr. Monroe became President of the United States.

On the 5th of March, 1817, at the commencement of the new Administration, he was appointed Secretary of State, and continued in the office while James Monroe was at the head of the Administration.

In 1825 he was elected his successor, and discharged the duties of President for one term, ending on the 3d of March, 1829.

Here followed a brief period of repose from public service, and Mr. Adams retired to the family mansion at Quincy, but was elected a member of the House of Representatives from the district in which he lived, at the next election, which occurred after his return to it, and took his seat in December, 1831; he retained it by successive elections to the day of his death.

I have not ventured on this occasion beyond a bare enumeration of the high places of trust and confidence which have been conferred upon the deceased. The service covers a period of more than half a century, and what language can I employ which will portray more forcibly the great merits of the deceased, the confidence reposed in him by the public, or the ability with which he discharged the duties devolved upon him, than by this simple narration of recorded facts? An ambitious man could not desire a more emphatic eulogy.

Mr. Adams, however, was not merely a statesman, but a ripe, accomplished scholar, who, during a life of remarkably well directed industry, made those great acquirements which adorned his character, and gave to it the manly strength of wisdom and intelligence.

As a statesman and patriot, he will rank among the illustrious men of an age prolific in great names, and greatly distinguished for its progress in civilization. The productions of his pen are proofs of a vigorous mind, imbued with a profound knowledge of what it investigates and of a memory which was singularly retentive and capacious.

But his character is not made up of those conspicuous qualities alone. He will be remembered for the virtues of private life—for his elevated moral example—for his integrity—for his devotion to his duties as a Christian, as a neighbour, and as the head of a family. In all these relations few persons have set a more steadfast or brighter example, and few have descended to the grave where the broken ties of social and domestic affection have been more sincerely lamented. Great as may be the loss to the public of one so gifted and wise, it is by the family that his death will be most deeply felt. His aged and beloved partner, who has so long shared the honours of his career, and to whom all who know her are bound by the ties of friendship, will believe that we share her grief, mourn her bereavement, and sympathize with her in her affliction.

It is believed to have been the earnest wish of his heart to die like Chatham, in the midst of his labours. It was a sublime thought that where he had toiled in the House of the nation in hours of the day devoted to its service, the stroke of Death should reach him, and there sever the ties of love and patriotism which bound him to earth. He fell in his seat attacked by paralysis, of which he had before been a victim. To describe the scene which ensued would be impossible. It was more than the spontaneous gush of feeling which all such events call forth, so much to the honour of our nature. It was the expression of reverence for his moral worth; of admiration for his great intellectual endowments, and of veneration for his age and public services. All gathered round the sufferer, and the strong sympathy and deep feeling which manifested itself showed that the business of the House (which was instantly adjourned,) was forgotten amid the distressing anxieties of the moment. He was soon removed to the apartment of the Speaker, where he remained surrounded by afflicted friends till the weary clay resigned its immortal spirit. "This is the end of earth!" Brief but emphatic words. They were among the last uttered by the dying Christian.

Thus has closed the life of one whose purity, patriotism, talents, and learning have seldom been seriously questioned. To say that he had faults would only be declaring that he was human. Let him who is exempt from error venture to point them out. In this long career of public life it would be strange if the venerable man had not met with many who have differed from him in sentiment, or who have condemned his acts. If there be such, let the mantle of oblivion be thrown over each unkind thought. Let not the grave of the old man eloquent be desecrated by unfriendly remembrances, but let us yield our homage to his many virtues, and let it be our prayer that we may so perform our duties here that if summoned in a like sudden and appalling manner, we may not be found unprepared or unable to utter his words, "I am composed."

Mr. President, with this imperfect sketch of the character and services of a great man, I leave the subject in the hands of the Senate by moving the resolutions which I send to the Chair.

After Mr. Davis's Eulogy, Mr. Benton, of Missouri, addressed the Senate as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT:—The voice of his native State has been heard, through one of the Senators of Massachusetts, announcing the death of her aged and most distinguished son. The voice of the other Senator from Massachusetts is not heard, nor is his presence seen. A domestic calamity, known to us all, and felt by us all, confines him to the chamber of private grief while the Senate is occupied with the public manifestations of a respect and sorrow which a national loss inspires. In the absence of that Senator, and as the member of this body longest here, it is not unfitting or unbecoming in me to second the motion which has been made for extending the last honours of the Senate to him who, forty five years ago, was a member of this body, who, at the time of his death, was among the oldest members of the House of Representatives, and who, putting the years of his service together, was the oldest of all the members of the American Government.

The eulogium of Mr. Adams is made in the facts of his life, which the Senator from Massachusetts, (Mr. Davis,) has so strikingly stated that, from early manhood to octogenarian age, he has been constantly and most honourably employed in the public service. For a period of more than fifty years, from the time of his first appointment as minister abroad under Washington to his last election to the House of Representatives by the people of his native District, he has been constantly retained in the public service, and that, not by the favour of a sovereign, or by hereditary title, but by the elections and appointments of Republican Government. This fact makes the eulogy of the illustrious deceased. For what, except a union of all the qualities which command the esteem and confidence of man, could have insured a public service so long, by appointments free and popular, and from sources so various and exalted? Minister many times abroad; member of this body; member of the House of Representatives; Cabinet Minister; President of the United States; such has been the galaxy of his splendid appointments. And what but moral excellence the most perfect; intellectual ability the most eminent; fidelity the most unwavering; service the most useful, would have commanded such a succession of appointments so exalted, and from sources so various and so eminent? Nothing less could have commanded such a series of appointments; and accordingly we see the union of all these great qualities in him who has received them.

In this long career of public service Mr. Adams was distinguished not only by faithful attention to all the great duties of his stations, but to all their less and minor duties. He was not the Salaminian galley, to be launched only on extraordinary occasions, but he was the ready vessel, always launched when the duties of his station required it, be the occasion great or small. As President, as Cabinet Minister, as minister abroad, he examined all questions that came before him, and examined all, in all their parts, in all the minutiæ of their detail, as well as in all the vastness of their comprehension. As Senator, and as a member of the House of Representatives, the obscure committee-room was as much the witness of his laborious application to the drudgery of legislation as the halls of the two Houses were to the ever ready speech, replete with knowledge, which instructed all hearers, enlightened all subjects, and gave dignity and ornament to debate.

In the observance of all the proprieties of life, Mr. Adams was a most noble and impressive example. He cultivated the minor as well as the greater virtues. Wherever his presence could give aid and countenance to what was useful and honourable to man, there he was. In the exercises of the school and of the college—in the meritorious meetings of the agricultural, mechanical, and commercial societies—in attendance upon Divine worship—he gave the punctual attendance rarely seen but in those who are free from the weight of public cares.

Punctual to every duty, Death found him at the post of duty, and where else could it have found him, at any stage of his career, for the fifty years of his illustrious public life? From the time of his first appointment by Washington to his last election by the people of his native town, where could Death have found him but at the post of duty? At that post, in the fullness of age, in the ripeness of renown, crowned with honours, surrounded by his family, his friends, and admirers, and in the very presence of the national representation, he has been gathered to his fathers, leaving behind him the memory of public services which are the history of his country for half a century, and the example of a life, public and private, which should be the study and the model of the generations of his countrymen.

When Mr. B. concluded, the resolutions were unanimously adopted, and the Senate adjourned to Saturday.

In the House of Representatives, as soon as the House called to order—

The Speaker, Mr. Winthrop, announced officially the death of Mr. Adams.

*Gentlemen of the House of Representatives of the U. States:*

It has been thought fit that the Chair should announce officially to the House, an event already known to the Members individually, and which has filled all our hearts with sadness.

A seat on this floor has been vacated, toward which our eyes have been accustomed to turn with no common interest.

A voice has been hushed forever in this hall, to which all ears have been wont to listen with profound reverence.

A venerable form has faded from our sight, around which we have daily clustered with an affeconate regard.

A name has been stricken from the roll of the living statesmen of our land, which has been associated for more than half a century with the highest civil service and the loftiest civil renown.

On Monday the 21st instant, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, sunk in his seat, in presence of us all by a sudden illness, from which he never recovered, and he died in the Speaker's room, at a quarter past seven o'clock last evening, with the officers of the House and the Delegation of his own Massachusetts around him.

Whatever advanced age, long experience, great ability, vast learning, accumulated public honours, a spotless private character, and a firm religious faith, could do, to render any one an object of interest, respect, and admiration are but feeble terms to express the feelings with which the members of this house and the people of the country have long regarded him.

After a life of eighty years, devoted from its earliest maturity to the public service, has at length gone to rest. He has been privileged to die at his post; to fall while in the discharge of his duties; to expire beneath the roof of the Capitol; and to have his last scene associated forever in history with the birthday of that illustrious Patriot, whose just discernment brought him first into the service of his country.

The close of such a life, under such circumstances, is not an event for unmingled emotions. We cannot find it in our hearts to regret, that he has died as he has died. He himself could have desired no other end. "This is the end of earth," were his last words uttered on the day on which he fell. But we might almost hear him exclaiming as he left us—in a language hardly less familiar to him than his native tongue—"*Hoc est, nimirum, magis, feliciter de vita migrare, quam mori.*"

It is for others to suggest what honours shall be paid to his memory. No acts of ours are necessary to his fame. But it may be due to ourselves and to the country, that the national sense of his charater and services should be fitly commemorated.

Mr. Hudson, of Massachusetts, then delivered the following eulogy upon the deceased:

MR. SPEAKER: I rise with no ordinary emotions to perform a painful duty, which has been assigned me by my colleagues, growing out of an event which has recently occurred in the midst of us, the announcement of which has just been made by the Chair. My late venerable colleague is no more! A great and good man has fallen! He has been stricken down in the midst of us, while in the discharge of public duties. One whose public services are coeval with the establishment of our Government—one who has come down to us from past generations, and of whom it might almost be said that he was living in the midst of posterity—an example to us, and to those who come after us, has ceased from his labours, and gone to his reward. The peculiar circumstances of his death are known to every member of this House, and are calculated to make a deep and lasting impression. They weigh so deep upon my own mind and feelings that I am almost inclined to believe that *silence* is the most appropriate token of our grief, and the most suitable tribute to his memory.

John Quincy Adams was born on the 11th day of July, 1767, in that part of Braintree, Massachusetts, which was subsequently incorporated into a town by the name of Quincy, and hence was in the eighty-first year of his age. In 1778, when he was but eleven years of age, he accompanied his father, John Adams, to France, who was sent with Benjamin Franklin and Arthur Lee, as Commissioners to the Court of Versailles. After remaining in France about eighteen months, during which time he applied himself closely to the study of the French and Latin languages, he returned to his own country in August, 1779. In November of the same year his father was again dispatched to Europe for the discharge of diplomatic services, and took his son, John Quincy, with him.

At Paris he was put to school, and when, in 1780, John Adams removed to Holland, his son enjoyed the advantages of the public school at Amsterdam, and afterward of the University at Leyden. Francis Dana, who accompanied John Adams, as Secretary to the Embassy, received, in 1781, the appointment of Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia, and took John Quincy Adams, then fourteen years of age, with him as his private Secretary. Here he remained till October, 1782, when he left Mr. Dana at St. Petersburg, and returned through Sweden, Denmark, Hamburg, and Bremen, to Holland, where he remained some months, till his father took him to Paris at the time of the signing of the treaty of peace, in 1783. From that time till 1785 he was with his father in England, Holland, and France; during the whole of which period he was a close student.

At the age of eighteen, at his own request, his father permitted him to return to Massachusetts, where he entered Harvard University, and was graduated, in 1787, with distinguished honours. Soon after leaving college he entered the office of the celebrated Theophilus Parsons, afterward Chief Justice of Massachusetts, where he remained the usual period of three years in the study of the law, when he entered the profession, and established himself at Boston.

In 1794 General Washington appointed him resident Minister to the United Netherlands. From that period till 1801 he was in Europe, employed in diplomatic business, and as a public minister in Holland, England, and Prussia. Just as General Washington was retiring from office, he appointed Mr. Adams Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Portugal. While on his way to Lisbon he received a new commission, changing his destination to Berlin. During his residence of about three years and a half at Berlin, he concluded an important commercial treaty with Prussia—thus accomplishing the object of his mission. He was recalled near the close of his father's Administration, and arrived in his native country in September, 1801.

In 1802 he was chosen by the Boston District to the Senate of Massachusetts, and soon after was elected by the Legislature a Senator in Congress for six years from March 3, 1803. He remained in the Senate of the United States until 1808, when he resigned. While in the Senate he received the appointment of Professor of Rhetoric in Harvard University, an office which he filled with distinguished ability.

In 1809 he was appointed, by President Madison, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Russia, where he rendered the most important services to his country. By his influence with that Court he induced Russia to offer her mediation between Great Britain and the United States, in the war of 1812; and, when the proper time had arrived, he was placed by President Madison at the head of five distinguished Commissioners to negotiate a treaty of peace, which was concluded at Ghent in 1814. Mr. Adams was then associated with Mr. Clay and Mr. Gallatin to negotiate a Commercial Convention with Great Britain, and was forthwith appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James. While in Europe, in 1811, he received the appointment of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, which he declined.

After remaining in England till the close of President Madison's Administration, he was called home, and placed by President Monroe at the head of the Department of State, where he remained eight years.

In 1825 he was chosen by the House of Representatives President of the United States for four years. On leaving the Presidency, in 1829, he returned to his native place in Massachusetts, and in 1831, he was elected a member of this House, and by the free suffrages of the people has continued in that office to the day of his death.

This is but a hasty and imperfect enumeration of the public stations which have been filled by my late lamented colleague. Of the manner in which he has discharged these public trusts it is not necessary for me to speak. Suffice it to say, that his long, eventful life has been devoted to the public service; and the ability and fidelity with which he has discharged every duty are known and acknowledged throughout the nation. His fame is so blended with his country's history that it will live when all the frail monuments of art shall have crumbled into dust. By his death the country has lost a pure patriot, science an ardent votary, and the cause of human freedom a devoted friend.

But it is not as a public man merely that we are to contemplate Mr. Adams. In the private walks of life, "where tired dissimulation drops the mask," and a man appears as he really is, we find in him all those silent and social virtues which adorn the character. His ardent love of justice, his inflexible regard for truth, his stern devotion to the cause of civil and religious liberty, were blended with meekness, sobriety, and charity. But the crowning glory of his character was his devotion to the cause of his Redeemer.

To that cause he was publicly dedicated on the second day of his earthly existence, and throughout a long life he manifested a firm belief in the Divine revelation, and a calm trust in that Being who rules among the nations and spreads the mantle of His love over His dependent children. But he is gone. The places that have known him will now know him no more forever. This instance of mortality, at once so peculiar and so painful, admonishes us of the uncertainty of life, and teaches us so to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

We tender to his afflicted family our heart-felt sympathy, and assure them that a nation's tears will be mingled with theirs. And while we look for consolation to the wisdom and goodness of an over-ruling Providence, we would affectionately commend them to that gracious Being who has revealed himself as the father of the fatherless and the widow's God and friend.

The Washington Correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser, speaking of this event, says:

The words which Mr. Adams uttered, in a low but distinct tone, as he sank on the left side of his chair, and at the moment when he was stricken by the hand of death, were these: "*This is the last of Earth—I am content!*"

These were the very words—the last words he will ever utter. He was insensible when borne into the Speaker's room, and has remained so since.

Mr. Adams was waited upon, some weeks ago, by Col. Seaton and other gentlemen forming the committee of the Washington Monument Association, and requested to deliver the address at the laying of the corner-stone of the monument, which was then intended to be on the 22d of February.

Mr. Adams expressed a wish to comply with the invitation, but intimated, in an impressive manner, that he did not feel himself justified in making any engagement. He then felt that his hold upon life was very feeble; and some say that he had contemplated the 22d day of February, the birth day of Washington—a national day—and one which is this year, and everywhere, to be celebrated with more than wonted enthusiasm—as the day of his departure from the earth.

He had this sentiment on his mind, when the messenger suddenly came; and when, before his eloquent lips were sealed forever, he exclaimed: "This is the last of earth—I am content."

I never saw a more sudden and general gush of feeling from Congress and the public than on this occasion. "We are not all stocks and stones," thank God. Mr. Adams will die in the Capitol. It was his aspiration to die in his country's service.—"to wear out instead of rusting out." He has his wish.

Mr. Holmes, of South Carolina, and Messrs. Vinton, and McDowell, of Virginia, successively followed Mr. Hudson in emphatic and eloquent testimonies to the character of Mr. Adams.

The following order of the President was issued in handbill on Thursday:

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

It has pleased Divine Providence to call hence a great and patriotic citizen. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS is no more. At the advanced age of more than four score years he was suddenly stricken from his seat in the House of Representatives, by the hand of disease, on the 21st, and expired in the Capitol a few minutes after seven o'clock on the evening of the 23d of February, 1848.

He had, for more than half a century, filled the most important public stations, and among them that of President of the United States. The two Houses of Congress—of one of which he was a venerable and most distinguished member—will doubtless prescribe appropriate ceremonies to be observed as a mark of respect for the memory of this eminent citizen.

The nation mourns his loss: and as a farther testimony of respect for his memory, I direct that all the Executive offices at Washington be placed in mourning and that all business be suspended during this day and to-morrow.

JAMES K. POLK.

*Washington*, Feb. 24, 1848.

An order was issued by the Secretary of War, announcing the death of Mr. ADAMS to the army, and directing that funeral honours shall be paid to his memory at each of the military stations.

Adj. Gen. R. Jones published the following directions, carrying out the commands of the Secretary:

II. On the day succeeding the arrival of this "General Order" at each Military Post, the troops will be paraded at 10 o'clock, A. M. and the order read to them, after which all the labours of the day will cease.

The national flag will be displayed at half staff.

At dawn of day thirteen guns will be fired; and afterwards, at intervals of thirty minutes between the rising and setting sun, a single gun; and at the close of the day a national salute of twenty-nine guns.

The officers of the army will wear crape on the left arm, and on their swords, and the colours of the several regiments will be put in mourning for the period of six months.

A meeting of the citizens of Washington was held on Thursday, recommending that all labour should cease, and all places of business be closed during the period of his obsequies.

The *Union* has the following paragraph:

We understand that the President of the United States offered the use of the East room of the White House to the Committee for the purpose of doing honour to the deceased ex-President, and giving the public an opportunity of visiting the remains. But the Committee declined the offer.

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**DICK CROWNINGSHIELD, THE ASSASSIN, AND ZACHARY TAYLOR, THE SOLDIER: THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM.**

BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

*Dick Crowningshield—His Employers—His Business.*

Joseph White lived in Salem. He was old and rich. Joe and Frank Knapp lived in the same town. They coveted his property and expected to inherit it at his death. The protracted life of Joseph White was considered by them as opposed to their interests. They wished to destroy it. They called on Dick Crowningshield, a young man living in Salem, who had studied the art of human slaughter at the West Point Military Academy, and said to him, in substance:

"Will you enlist into our service?"

*Dick.*—What to do?

*Knapps.*—We wish to kill Joseph White.

*Dick.*—What harm has he done to you?

*Knapps.*—None; save that by his life we are kept out of the possession of property that we expect to inherit. We have no resources but to kill him.

*Dick.*—But he is innocent of all evil intentions towards you?

*Knapps.*—We know he is; but his life is in our way, and we wish to get rid of him.

*Dick.*—But would it be right to kill him?

*Knapps.*—Give yourself no trouble about that. We will be responsible for the right or wrong of the deed.—If you enlist to do it, you have nothing to do with that question.

*Dick.*—But suppose I think it *murder*?

*Knapps.*—That is our concern, not yours. If you enlist into our service, we wish you to enlist to do our pleasure, even though you think it be *murder*.

*Dick*—Who is to be *benefited* by his death?

*Knapps.*—Ourselves, of course. We do not wish to kill him for his good, but solely for our own.

*Dick.*—So, then, I am to understand that you wish to enlist me into your service, to kill an innocent man, at your instigation, and for your benefit?

*Knapps.*—That is our wish. Will you enlist?

*Dick.*—What am I to get for doing the deed?

*Knapps.*—One thousand dollars.

*Dick.*—Do you wish me to kill any others?

*Knapps.*—Kill this one man, and the money is yours, and we will discharge you from the service as soon as the deed is done.

*Dick.*—Well, I see no more wrong in enlisting into the service of *two* men to kill *one*, at their bidding, and for their benefit, than in enlisting into the service of *millions*, called a State, to kill *thousands* at their bidding and for their benefit. So, I am at your service, and will execute your pleasure upon Joseph White.

The Knapps furnished their recruit with a dirk and bludgeon. At midnight, he entered the back window with a dark lantern, crept up the front stairs, and entered the sleeping chamber of Joseph White. He was asleep.—Dick struck him on his head with a club; then turned down the clothes and stabbed him thirteen times in the region of the heart; then covered him up, left the house, hid the bludgeon under the door-step of a church, and melted the dagger. Dick and the Knapps were taken up and imprisoned. While awaiting their trial Dick hung himself. The Knapps were tried, condemned, and hung.

What would you call Dick Crowningshield? *A hired assassin*, is the answer; and all will insist that this is the only phrase in the English language, that can truly designate his character and position. What would you call the Knapps? The instigators and prime movers in the deed—the *employers of a hired assassin*. The relation between Crowningshield and the Knapps was that of a hired assassin to his employers. The community would not endure the presence of the employers or the employed among them, and they put them all to death.

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*Zachary Taylor—His Employers—His Business.*

There is a town in Mexico called Monterey. It contains say twenty thousand inhabitants, more or less.—They never injured the people of the United States, even in thought. Yet their existence is opposed to their ambition, and lust of gold and of oppression.—They wish to destroy the town of Monterey. So, those who compose the United States, through their agents, the recruiting officers, go forth to enlist men into their service. They meet Zachary Taylor, and ask him, in substance—

"Will you enlist into our service?"

*Zachary.*—What do you wish me to do?

*People.*—We wish to kill the people of Monterey.

*Zach.*—What have they done?

*People.*—O, nothing, only their existence is opposed to our interests.

*Zach.*—They are, then, innocent of all evil intentions and actions towards you?

*People.*—Yes, they never injured us, and never intended to injure us.

*Zach.*—Why then do you wish to kill them?

*People.*—Simply and solely because they are in our way, and there is no other method to get rid of them.

*Zach.*—Would it be right to kill them?

*People.*—That is our affair, not yours. We wish you to enlist to do our bidding, and kill whom we wish, *right or wrong*.

*Zach.*—But suppose I *know them to be innocent*—must I kill them?

*People.*—Yes, if we bid you.

*Zach.*—But suppose I believe that to kill them would be *murder*—must I do it?

*People.*—Yes, if we bid you kill them. We wish to enlist none into our service, as soldiers, who are not willing to swear by the great God that they will kill any and all whom we bid them to kill, even though they believe it would be murder.

*Zach.*—How many do you wish me to kill?

*People.*—No particular persons, or number; but we wish to enlist you to butcher men by the day, till we have gained our end.

*Zach.*—So, then, now I understand you. You wish me to enlist into your service, to kill human beings, without regard to their guilt or innocence, at your bidding, and for your benefit. You wish me to swear by the Eternal, that I will kill men, women, and children at your discretion, even though I know they are innocent, and though I believe that to kill them would be *murder?*

*People.*—Yes, such is our wish.

*Zach.*—But suppose I should enlist, and then should not be willing to kill all whom you command me to kill; and suppose I should wish to leave your service?

*People.*—Once enlisted you must do our bidding, or be killed yourself; and if you attempt to leave our service without our consent, we shall shoot or hang you.

*Zach.*—How much money will you give me?

*People.*—Two hundred dollars per month.

*Zach.*—Well; the Ministers and Churches say War is a right and Christian practice. If so, then it is right to enlist; and when enlisted, to go for my employers, *right or wrong*. So I am your man. Henceforth I am ready to kill all you bid me kill, though I know them to be innocent, and though I believe it would be murder.

*People.*—You are the man for us. "ROUGH AND READY" is your name henceforth. We have work on hand at this moment.

*Zach.*—Name it and it is done.

*People.*—There is a town in Mexico called Monterey. Go, slay its inhabitants, and destroy it.

*Zach.*—Give me the means and the deed is done.

So the means are supplied by his employers. Now, behold Zachary before the devoted town. It is *Sunday*. This is the day chosen by him to make the attack. See the scenes enacted by Zachary the soldier. He is acting as the agent of twenty millions. Had he bombarded the city as the agent of two, how had he been the execration of mankind!

Look at that Nursery! See that mother watching her four little ones lovingly at play in one corner. Zachary discharges a gun loaded with grape-shot at them, and in a moment their limbs and bodies are torn to fragments; and the mother sits amid their mangled remains. In another nursery is an infant sleeping in a cradle; the mother sits by it rocking, and singing its lullaby. Zachary hurls a cannon ball at that mother and infant, and tears them in pieces.

Look into that dining room. There are a father and mother and five children at the dinner table. A ball thrown by Zachary enters, and the father and children are torn and killed around the surviving mother. There is a school-house. In it are 75 children with their teacher. Zachary throws a bomb-shell among them. It explodes; and the torn limbs and dead bodies of fifty of those children are strewed about, and their teacher and their companions are covered with their blood. There is a daughter standing by her broken-hearted father to comfort and sustain him. Zachary hurls a cannon ball at her and cuts her body in two, and there she lies a mangled corse before her father.

"For the Love of Heaven spare that house," cries a young man to Zachary, as he is aiming a deadly missile at a particular dwelling. "I CARE NOT IF EVERY OTHER HOUSE IN TOWN IS BLOWN TO ATOMS, but do not destroy that one."

*Zachary.*—What is your reason?

*Young Man.*—My bethrothed lives there. She whom I love as my own soul.

*Zachary.*—All love and domestic affections must be forgotten here.

*Young Man.*—But do spare that one. One of your own companions begs you to spare it.

*Zachary.*—It is the bidding, and for the interest of our employers, that that house and all in it should be destroyed. We must go for our employers, RIGHT OR WRONG.

*Young Man.*—O spare it! To what dangers is she whom I love exposed! Think of the agony I must feel to find her a mangled corse!

*Zachary.*—Young man, you seem to think nothing about the other houses, and are willing to see them blown to atoms. Yet every ball and bomb-shell we throw tears to pieces some wife or husband, some parent or child, some brother or sister, all of whom are objects of affection to others; and their death causes as much agony to surviving relatives, as the death of your betrothed would to you. She must die. Such is the bidding and pleasure of my employers.

A bomb-shell is aimed at the house; and in an instant it is a heap of ruins. The shell comes into the parlor where the parents and their children are assembled, and explodes. A ragged piece of iron strikes the young woman, and tears away her head and shoulders.

See that *Mexican* woman. What is in her hands? She is carrying *bread* and *water* to the wounded *American* soldiers. She raises the head of a wounded man, gives him food to eat and water to drink; takes a handkerchief from her own kind bosom, and is binding up his wounds. Zachary aims a gun at her, and tears in pieces that angel of mercy. A FACT; and the eye-witness who relates it says, "I involuntarily raised my eyes to heaven and exclaimed, GREAT GOD! IS THIS WAR? Passing the spot the next day, I saw her body still lying there, with the bread by her side, and the broken gourd with a few drops of water in it—emblems of her errand.

Now Zachary, with his comrades, enters the city in *person*. He cries to them as he enters—"NOW GIVE THEM HELL!" So, to do the pleasure, and promote the interests of his employers, he goes about the city from street to street, enters the houses of rich and poor, violates and massacres the women and children, till the kitchens, parlors, nurseries, and bed-rooms run down with blood. The city is *sacked*. Rape, cruelty, robbery, murder, and indiscriminate butchery accompany Zachary from house to house. He violates and murders wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters, in the presence of their husbands, sons, and brothers; and thus he "GIVES THEM HELL," as the agent, and for the interests, of his praying, meeting-going, republican employers.

A description of the scene by one who witnessed it, and who aided Zachary in the work of death, is substantially as follows:

"Zachary's face and the faces of his men, were covered with sweat, dust, and blood, as they toiled for their employers in the work of slaughter. Men, women, and children were slaughtered 'LIKE HOGS AT A BUTCHERING.' Here and there were seen a ghastly mass of flesh and crushed bones. It was sickening to hear the shrieks of women; to see them struggling in the arms of Zachary and his men, and begging for death; to see them cut to pieces; to see the bodies of infants and children torn asunder: but 'SOLDIERS MUST SICKEN AT NOTHING.' On Zachary rushed with his men—hands dripping with blood—intent on 'GIVING THEM HELL,' and on standing by his employers, 'RIGHT OR WRONG.' The feeble, the innocent, the helpless, fell beneath his sword, and were torn to fragments by his balls and shells. I could hear the shrieks of the dying—the pitiful cries of children over the mangled remains of parents. I saw them crushed, mangled, dying, dead! Save me from ever witnessing the bombardment and sacking of a city—at least, if I must see it, let there be none but men within its walls. There is some glory in killing *men*, even if they are innocent. This is the soldier's trade, and his only way to glory; but there is no comfort nor glory in crushing and mutilating women and children. This is now the trade of Zachary and of every soldier."

Zachary promised the people protection if they would yield. They did. How did he protect them? Let an eye-witness tell. Zachary, "*for the sake of popularity*," neglected to restrain the passions of his volunteers." "MURDER, ROBBERY, and RAPE, were committed in broad daylight; and, as if desirous to signalize themselves at Monterey, by some new acts of atrocity, they burned many of the thatched huts of the poor peasants."

Says another eye-witness of the doings of Zachary, he "committed outrages against the citizens of the most disgraceful character—stealing, or rather robbing, insulting the women, breaking into houses, and other feats of a similar character. The women have been repeatedly violated (almost an every-day affair), houses are broken open, and insults of every kind have been offered to those whom we are bound in honour to protect."

Says another eye-witness of the doings of Zachary, "It was an awful sight to look upon the dead—some shot with cannon balls, and some with small shot—some with their heads shot off—some with their bowels scattered on the ground."

Says another eye-witness of another scene—"Bodies of Mexicans were lying all about in every direction—some with their heads entirely or partly shot off—others without legs or arms—others with their entrails torn out. I crept about on my hands and knees, and at every few paces I would come across dead bodies; and at one place I discovered the body of a beautiful Mexican girl STAKED through her heart."

The above is substantially a truthful narrative of deeds perpetrated by him and his men in Monterey and other towns in Mexico, at the bidding and for the benefit of his religious, republican employers.

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*The Difference.*

Now what is the difference between Zachary the soldier, and Dick the assassin? In the following particulars they are exactly alike:

The assassin killed a man whom he knew to be innocent—the soldier did the same.

The assassin killed the innocent at the instigation of his employers—so did the soldier.

The assassin slew his victim for the benefit of his employers—so did the soldier.

The assassin entered into a contract with his employers voluntarily—so did the soldier.

The assassin killed his victim intentionally and deliberately—so did the soldier.

The assassin "killed a reasonable creature," and was "of a sound mind and discretion"—so did the soldier, and in the same state of mind.

The assassin killed an innocent man "with malice and forethought," "with a sedate, deliberate mind, and former design"—so did the soldier.

As to the state of their minds towards their victims—as to their motives—as to the character of their victims—as to the nature and character of their acts, there is an exact resemblance between Dick the assassin, and Zachary the soldier.

In the following particulars they differ:

Zachary had millions of employers—the assassin had but two.

Zachary killed thousands—the assassin one.

Zachary's sword, balls, and bomb-shells were accounted Christian weapons to slay men—the assassin's bludgeon and dirk were considered unchristian.

Zachary broke the limbs and tore the flesh of his victims, and left them to die in protracted agony—the assassin killed his instantly, and without protracted pain.

Zachary's deeds are said by the Priests and Churches to be God-approved and Christ-like—the assassin's are denounced by them as evil and only evil.

Zachary is hailed as a Christian patriot—Dick is shunned by all.

Zachary, as he returns from Monterey, his face, his hands, and garments dripping with the blood of innocent women and children, is welcomed "by the smiles and kisses of his countrywomen"—they shrink from Dick with horror.

Zachary is held up by mothers, by teachers, by priests and politicians, as an example of piety and patriotism—Dick is held up by them to execration.

Zachary is made a life-member of a Missionary Society—Dick is cast out as a heathen.

Zachary is counted worthy of all honor by a professedly enlightened, civilized, republican and Christian people, and is by them elevated to the Presidency—Dick, by the same people, is elevated to the gallows.

Such are the different results of killing one at the bidding and for the benefit of two, and killing thousands for the benefit and at the bidding of millions.

Such are the points of agreement and difference between the assassin and the soldier. They differ solely in reference to identical circumstances, that affect not the nature of the acts, nor the position, motives, and character of the perpetrators. Zachary Taylor and Dick Crowningshield stand in precisely the same relation to their God, and to their employers. Zachary Taylor and every soldier voluntarily hire themselves out to kill innocent human beings, at the bidding and for the benefit of his employers. Dick Crowningshield did the same; and if he is an assassin, so are they. Does killing one innocent man at the bidding and for the benefit of two, make a man an assassin, and killing thousands at the bidding and for the benefit of millions make him a saint? Does an act performed for the pleasure, and at the instigation of two, make a man a murderer, and the same act done at the instigation, and for the pleasure of millions, constitute him an angel? Does murder become a pious, Christian act, in proportion to the number who commit it? Does the assassin become respectable, Christian, and worthy of confidence, in proportion to the number of his employers and of his victims? If not, then is Zachary Taylor and every soldier, as certainly a murderer and an assassin, as was Dick Crowningshield.

Not only so, but every advocate of defensive war is as truly an instigator and promoter of murder, as were the Knapps; and is as accessary to, and responsible for, the death of the people of Monterey, as were they of the death of Joseph White. Zachary Taylor is the agent of all that advocate war, as really as was Crowningshield the agent of the Knapps. The acts of their agents are their acts. When he entered Monterey, and violated and murdered the women and children, they did the deeds. Let just and truthful words be used in speaking of all warriors and their advocates. Let all soldiers, and all advocates of war, be told that they are murderers, and let this truth be brought home to them on all occasions, till they feel its force; and then, and not till then, will men learn and advocate war no more.

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From the Examiner.

**GOING BACKWARDS.**

There is a huge slave-pen at Washington, and Alexandria is a great slave mart.

In 1802 the Grand Jury asked redress of Congress for these nuisances. In 1816, Judge Morrel charged that body against them. In 1827, the Alexandria Gazette said:

"Scarcely a week passes without some of these wretched creatures being driven through our streets. After having been confined, and sometimes manacled in a loathsome prison, they are turned out in public view to take their departure for the South. * * Not unfrequently they are hand-cuffed and chained together. Here you may behold fathers and brothers leaving behind them the dearest objects of affection, and moving slowly along in the mute agony of despair—there the young mother sobbing over the infant whose innocent smiles seem but to increase her misery. From some you will hear the burst of bitter lamentation; while from others, the loud hysteric breaks forth, denoting still deeper agonies."

In 1828, a petition signed by more than one thousand citizens, was presented to Congress, praying for the suppression of the trade. In 1828, the Grand Jury of Washington urged upon that body, "the exclusion of this disgusting traffic from the district."—Yet in 1838 the laws of the Capital of the nation contained this enactment:

"*For a license to trade or traffic in slaves for profit, four hundred dollars.*"

Where is the old spirit of the South? Oh! that it burned as it did in past days! Never would it tolerate such avarice, or lust, or be content to hear the chains clank in its ears! "In what," asks the New Orleans Courier, "is this mode a whit better than the one from Africa?" We do not see how Congress can sit still, and behold men, and women, and children, mustered in gangs, without an effort to arrest it—by law, to crush the disgusting trade forever.

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From the Portsmouth Journal.

**DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.**

If the enormities of the laws of the District were understood by all the people of the free States, it would seem that one general expression of indignant reprobation would be called out against them. Yet every proposition to revise those laws, and every attempt to look into their abuses, have been voted down in Congress, by those who were afraid to look these subjects in the face. The freemen of N. Hampshire are invited to examine the following facts and arguments from the Kennebec Journal:

The slave laws of the District of Columbia, are precisely those which were in force in the State of Maryland nearly fifty years ago, or when the territory was ceded to the United States. The State of Maryland has since modified her code, so that it is not near as barbarous as that which exists in the District of Columbia, under the authority of the United States. One of these old laws, re-enacted with others in a lump by Congress, at the time of session, provides that a slave who shall set fire to a building in the night time, shall be *hanged and quartered*, and the four quarters of the criminal nailed up in four of the most public places in the county for exhibition. This, of course, is practically obsolete; but still it is the law of Congress! Another, not yet obsolete in practice, is, that any black man may be arrested on suspicion of being a runaway slave, and committed to prison; and unless he can in prison prove that he is free, he may be sold as a slave to pay jail and officers' fees. Some worthless officers would arrest hundreds every year for the sake of these fees, but that the judges discountenance such operations.

The State of Maryland has changed the burthen of proof, and in the case of the arrest of coloured vagrants, and their imprisonment on suspicion of being slaves, public notice is given describing the person arrested, and in case no claimant appears in a certain time to prove his property, the person arrested is discharged. He cannot be sold to pay fees.

Numerous attempts have been made in Congress, to have these old laws of the District modified, but have always been resisted by the Southern members, under an apprehension, we presume, that any legislation of Congress on the subject, would lead to the abolition of Slavery in the District. Hence they have always succeeded in defeating any movement to revise the above laws, as they have now, by means of Northern dough faces.

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ONE VIEW OF IT.—Mr. Clayton, in his speech in the Senate, on the Mexican War, said:

What will be the consequence of the annexation of twenty Mexican States to the American Union. Of all men in the United States, the most interested in making this inquiry solemnly, and examining it carefully and patiently, are the gentlemen of the South. There are in Mexico not less than eight millions of human beings, men, women, and children, of a race totally different from ourselves—a colored population, having no feelings in common with us—no prejudices like ours; but, on the contrary, with prejudices directly the antipodes of all ours, and especially bigoted on this very subject of Slavery.

Do you suppose that if you annex to the American Union these eight millions of people, backed by the millions of coloured men in this country, they will remain idle spectators of the poceedings of this Government, stimulated as they will be by Abolitionists of the most fanatical cast? What then must become of that peculiar institution of ours, which has existed for so many years in this country? You answer me that you will not suffer that institution to be disturbed. The honourable Senator from Maryland said you will not suffer the right to hold coloured men in Slavery to be discussed. No, sir; but how will you prevent it, when these men shall have been admitted into the American Union, and these Mexican states shall have become American states? You will be voted down. Your institutions will be voted down, and you may, and for that probably will rend the Union to atoms. These are the legitimate results of your annexation of all Mexico; and you may as well take the opportunity to meet and prevent them at once. If you do not fear such results, vote your armed emigration; but if you believe that it will lead to this, pause with me and arrest these proceedings now.

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# Communications.

**Letter from Canada.**

The following letter, we understand, is in reply to some inquiries from several persons, touching the missionary labours of the writer in Canada:

AMHERSTBURG, Dec. 23d, 1847.

DEAR SISTERS:—I am glad to answer yours, just received. You all feel different from what I do. I know you love us and wish us not to suffer, but why should not you and I be willing and rejoice to suffer in a *good* cause. Bad causes have sufferers, selfishness its votaries and sufferers, and why should not we? Religion is worthy of suffering. It seems good to us here, and I am just about to kneel down and ask the Lord how to write to my dear sisters who love to do just right, and will be greatful to have me unbosom my soul on the subject of suffering and salvation.

In the first place, I fear we have all got off from the right track. The great business of man, when he does his duty, is not pleasure, self-gratification, and living comfortably, but *doing good*. This is the business of all of us. We must do it, go as it may, and come what will. Souls must be enlightened and blessed. We have the opportunity. All of us can enter the field. I am never more grateful than when I have enough to do. If I ever blessed the Lord for anything besides salvation, it is for work to do in His name. It is no matter how hungry I get, how ragged, how tired, how much people abuse me, though they beat me, cast out my name, scourge me in their synagogues, or spill my blood; I have but one thing to do, and that is to do all I can in the work of salvation. No matter who likes it or opposes it. My work is done to God and not to man.

But another thing: We are to have the spirit of Christ. But He waded in sorrow along the way. You probably, by this time, have sister Gibbs's letter, now in the bosom of our family, showing that women as well as men *must* take the field. Several females have done so. More are needed. The world is to be converted, and true-hearted soldiers *will do it*. But I shall be allowed to say another thing. If *Jesus* had feared suffering, we should all have been lost, as many poor ignorant souls now are, who are not made acquainted with the way to be saved. The fact is, we must work with all our might in some way, or we are forever ruined; the Church as well as the world. Only *exercise*, in our relations to God and the world can keep grace alive. Suppose members of churches were willing to die for the truth? Canada would be full of praying men and women. They would leave their homes just as Jesus left Heaven, and would go to work.

But there is another difficulty in *our* case. There is a great deal of prejudice between the two colours. The difficulty is general, is awful. The fact is evident that they scarcely endure each other; there is far more hatred and despising on our part than theirs, for they never have been known to refuse eating with a white person, on account of the disgrace of colour, consequently, on each side, the labourers are very easily discouraged, soon give up the work, and think such people hardly ought to be blessed at all. Now I know nothing of colour or cast, and pray that I never may. My business is to work. I am grateful to have you feel for me and my family, but you must know the day is breaking *all over the world*. We all must keep up with the light. God is moving, and we must. We must be willing to save *all* men, if we can, and at any rate try. But I wish to say another thing. There is, I fear, a great deal of mis apprehension about the subject of abolition. This is done by the same stratagem that sent an ancient Sybil to cry after the Apostles and tell what good men they were. There is a worldly mist before many eyes, and Christians and others see no Gospel meaning in the term. Nothing of truth or duty, nothing connected with religion. Now I am no worldly Abolitionist, no politician, nor was my master.

He worked to save, elevate, and bless man. But he was the right kind of an Abolitionist. His Gospel broke every oppressor's chain, and set all free who were equal by nature. Now this is our work. He saved the poor as well as the rich; in fact the rich had to give up their wealth as dangerous and become *poor in spirit*. He made no exception on account of colour or poverty.—All with souls shared his labour, and were reached by his pity. There were none too bad to save. He never acted on this principle. It was a lost world he came to save, not the righteous, not particularly the high, the noble. Such could not easily be reached. They were not candid enough. They never prayed enough to feel. As to Abolitionists, there are several kinds on the earth. Some become so from mere sympathy; others are merely political ones. They see the shame of making a legal difference because of shape or colour. But we in Canada trust we are Gospel Abolitionists, that is holy men and women. We understand all sin to be selfishness, and this to be oppression. We take the Saviour for our example. Our abolitionism is to save the lost. Some, I doubt not, would feel indignant at the hatred many coloured people show to their best friends. So it was in the Saviour's day. While some plotted his downfall, others met in council. While messengers from the leading men came frequently to take him, some, doubtless, could

scarcely stand it. But He did not mind their calling him crazy and full of devils. He kept going around, and praying, and getting men saved. The only reason why the Church is not one vast Abolition Society, is that the subject is not understood, only satan's version of the matter. Hundreds of robbed ones are landing on our Canada shores. Americans have made them so. Now may we, can we, or dare we leave such to suffer? Will any tell God I left them to ruin, to go down to Hell because they are black or brown? The great difficulty about taking care of this people, body and soul, is the want of mercy, the lack of prayer, the fear of going into the world to get men to Christ. Go, sisters, go around among the people and pray. Worldly, formal abolitionism never will save the world. Get religion, sympathize with the Saviour, groan over a world's salvation, and then shall *holiness* be written on your Society, and you shall be strong.

In haste, I am your brother,
ISAAC J. RICE.

**Rev. W. G. Eliot.**

We publish the following letter from Mr. May, with the liveliest satisfaction, and regret exceedingly that the real facts in the case were no sooner known. Few men have such a reputation that it can bear the imputation of slaveholding even, for a brief period, without injury, among a large, and we are happy to say, increasing, class. We trust that all who read the first statement in the Standard, may also see the correction, and we beg all who have taken an interest in the matter to use their efforts to promulgate the truth. We regret, however, with Mr. May, that the public avowal of the nature of the transaction was not sooner made by Mr. Eliot, and we are confident that, had he done so, no misapprehension would ever have been created.

BOSTON, Febuary, 24th 1848.

MY DEAR MR. GAY:—It has recently been stated, in several of the Anti-Slavery ournals, that the Rev. W. G. Eliot of St.Louis, was, or but very recently had been a slaveholder at the time that he was elected General Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, which was in May last. These statements were based on remarks made by the personal friends of Mr. Eliot in this city, at the time of his election. I am sure no intention or wish has existed in any mind to misrepresent Mr. Eliot's position, or to do him any injustice.

I have recently heard, upon what all must consider unexceptionable authority, a somewhat different account of the facts in the case, and it appears to me that it is due to all the parties concerned to make public these facts, so far as is necessary to correct the previous misunderstanding.

It appears that a certain slave woman was to be sold, who, wishing to remain in St. Louis and not encounter the hazard of being carried away to parts unknown, applied to Mr. Eliot to purchase her. At her strong solicitation he consented to do so, and within two weeks of the purchase gave her papers which would enable her to assert and maintain her freedom at any time. She lived in Mr Eliot's family two years and a half, at a fixed rate of wages. At the expiration of that time, she left Mr. Eliot, being still three hundred dollars in debt to him, which debt he entirely relinquished. At the same time he went into court, and openly manumitted her. The woman now resides in St. Louis.

These facts certainly speak for themselves as to Mr. Eliot's good intentions and generosity towards the woman. It is to be regretted that he did not, from the begining, make her mannmission publicly known. His exampple could not then have been claimed by any one as countenancing slaveholding. For one, I rejoice in this favourable aspect of the case, and I am sure you will be glad to correct the error into which the Standard has been led, perhaps by myself mainly, in regard to this case.

I am, very truly, yours
SAMUEL MAY, Jr.

# The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1848.

**John Quincy Adams.**

We give in another column the proceedings of Congress on the death of the late venerable ex-President Adams. The event is one of such universal interest that our readers at a distance will look to the Standard for the particulars relating to it. Mr. Adams was a connecting link between the present and the past in the political history of this Republic. He was the companion of its founders, and almost from his childhood has been in public life. In his old age he has won the veneration of the young, for his firmness of purpose on some trying occasions, his apparently lofty principles, and unswerving adherence to his own convictions of duty, uninfluenced by the dictate of party, and unawed by the threats of his opponents. His services to the Anti-Slavery cause, are hardly over-estimated. They were unquestionably great, with whatever motive they were rendered; but we cannot forget, that in calmer moments than excited Congressional debate would admit of, his influence was thrown into the opposite scale. Such inconsistency was overlooked in the greatness of his service on other occasions, but older men, those who were his political associates in early life, saw in it, the same characteristics, which in those days alienated from him his best friends, because of what they deemed his desertion of the interests of New England, and caused many, in his native State, to regard him with a distrust which has never been overcome. Nevertheless he was a great man; great for his indomitable will, perseverance, and energy, rather than native powers of mind, and, no doubt, as a Statesman purer than any of the politicians of our generation who assume the name.

We copy from the National Intelligencer, in addition to that we have already given, an account of his first seizure with the illness which terminated his life:

A mournful and agitating event occurred in the House of Representatives yesterday, which, as the news of it spread through the city, engrossed all thoughts and filled all hearts with sympathy.

Just after the yeas and nays were taken on a question, and the Speaker had risen to put another question to the House, a sudden cry was heard on the left of the Chair, "Mr. Adams is dying!" Turning our eyes to the spot, we beheld the venerable man in the act of falling over the left arm of his chair, while his right arm was extended, grasping his desk for support. He would have dropped upon the floor had he not been caught in the arms of the member sitting next him. A great sensation was created in the House: members from all quarters rushing from their seats, and gathering round the fallen Statesman, who was immediately lifted into the area in front of the Clerk's table. The Speaker instantly suggested that some gentleman move an adjournment, which being promptly done, the House adjourned. A sofa was brought, and Mr. Adams, in a state of perfect helplessness, though not of entire insensibility, was gently laid upon it. The sofa was then taken up and borne out of the Hall into the Rotundo, where it was set down, and the members of both Houses, and strangers, who were fast crowding around, were with some difficulty repressed, and an open space cleared in its immediate vicinity; but a medical gentleman, a member of the House (who was prompt, active, and self-possessed throughout the whole painful scene,) advised that he be removed to the door of the Rotundo opening on the east portico, where a fresh wind was blowing. This was done; but the air being chilly and loaded with vapor, the sofa was, at the suggestion of Mr. Winthrop, once more taken up and removed to the Speaker's apartment, the doors of which were forthwith closed to all but professional gentlemen, several of whom arrived in succession, as the news spread into the city. While lying in this apartment Mr. Adams partially recovered the use of his speech, and observed in faltering accents, "This is the end of earth;" but quickly added, "I am composed." Members by this time had reached Mr. A.'s abode with the melancholy intelligence, and, soon after, Mrs. Adams and his nephew and niece arrived, and made their way to the appalling scene. Mrs. A. was deeply affected, and for some moments quite prostrated by the sight of her husband, now insensible, the pallor of death on his countenance, and those sad premonitories fast making their appearance which fall with such a chill upon the heart.

In the Hall, meanwhile, a gloomy pause occurred in the usual hum of voices that fills it. Some members sat in mute suspense; others stood in groups, and made or answered inquiries as to the cause and probable issue of the attack; others hastened toward the Speaker's room to get the latest intelligence of the sufferer's condition; while many were busily engaged in writing to their friends at home the alarming news. A remark very frequently heard was, "Well, this is just what Mr. Adams could have wished; it is an appropriate ending of his public career: he falls, like a second Chatham, in the Senate House.

Mr. Adams, though for some months very feeble, was, when he entered the Hall in the morning, in his usual health, and had but a few minutes before delivered his vote, on a motion before the House, in an unusually distinct and emphatic manner. The attack was believed, at first, to have been a fainting fit; but this idea soon gave place to the appalling conviction that it was a recurrence of paralysis, which has twice before affected Mr. Adams, though in a milder degree. Very slight hopes are entertained of his recovering. Mr. A. attained his eigthieth year in July last.

At eleven o'clock last night the venerable sufferer still lay in the Speaker's chamber, insensible to all external objects, but apparently more comfortable, and his symptoms giving hope to his medical attendants that he might revive sufficiently by this morning to bear removal to his own residence.

As soon as the news of the painful occurrence reached the Senate, that body likewise adjourned.

In the speech of Mr. Davis, in the Senate, a biographical sketch of Mr. Adams is given, which relates succinctly all the leading events of his eventful life. He died, without doubt, as he himself would have chosen, in the National Capitol.

**Kentucky.**

A correspondent of the Herald, writing from Frankfort, Kentucky, under date of the 17th instant, says that the bill proposing, a change in the law of '33, touching the importation of slaves, which we mentioned last week, as having passed the House, was lost in the Senate by two votes. We rejoice at this termination of the contest, and we augur well from it for the cause of Emancipation in that State. A different result would have disheartened its advocates, and would have put off, no doubt, the day of jubilee in Kentucky. The effect would have been a larger investment of property in slaves, an increase in the number of slaveholders, and made Kentucky, perhaps, at no very distant day, a slave-breeding State, and dependent upon a *vigintial* crop, for what small share of prosperity might be left her, rather than upon the labour of an increasing non-slaveholding population.

The Herald's correspondent also says:

A bill has passed the Senate appropriating $2,000 to an individual residing in one of the counties bordering on the Ohio, to aid him in the prosecution of his suit in the Federal court, against some Michigan Abolitionists, for certain slaves, of which they had deprived him, &c.—The bill was reported to the House, and during the discussion upon it, some of the members expressed their willingness, to vote money and muskets sufficient to equip a regiment of men to go into Michican and arrest and bring back fugitive slaves, in spite of their abolition mobs. They insisted that the original compact between the States had been violated and disregarded by the seditious Abolitionists, and, they were willing and anxious to show them that proud Kentucky would no longer submit to their long continued outrages.

"Proud Kentucky," probably, is not mad enough to march a regiment to Michigan, on any such fool's errand. Such a threat is well enough for a brag, "*to buncum*," but would be seriously entertained, about as soon as an expedition to Saturn to bring back one of its rings.—We wonder, however, when the Legislature of any of the *free* States will appropriate $2,000 to aid in suits to establish the inalienable right of a human being to liberty?

**Peace—The Treaty.**

There seems to be some floating rumors in Washington which rather damp the public expectation of peace.—They take no definite shape, and perhaps are nothing more than a feeling of mistrust of the Administration and an apprehension that this which has been thus far, the direst curse to the country will continue so to the end of its power. We can hardly believe, however, that a peace of some sort will not grow out of this Treaty.—Mr. Polk will hardly venture to brave the popular demand that the war be ended. The people do not so much care for the murder of Mexicans, the robbery of their territory, and the extension of Slavery; but they do care for a pressure in the money-market, and a stagnation of business, and are beginning to find out that the Mexican War has something to do with these ugly facts, which make long faces in Wall street, and idle hands in Pearl.

The following synopsis of the Treaty is given by the Washington correspondent of the Herald, and is probably correct in the main. It will be observed that unfortunately four months grace is given to the administration. A great deal of mischief can be done in that time:

Senors Cuevas, Conto and Atristan are appointed commissioners on the part of the Mexican government, to adjust with the commissioner of the United States, Mr. Trist, a lasting treaty of peace.

Article second provides for the present suspension of hostilities between the forces of the two nations.

Article third defines the future boundary between the two republics. The line is to commence in the Gulf of Mexico, three leagues from land; to run up the middle of the Rio Grande to its intersection with the southern boundary of New Mexico; thence north until it intersects the first branch of the Gila; thence down the middle of that branch of the river to the Colorado; thence it follows the division between Upper and Lower California to the Pacific, which it strikes one league south of San Diego.

The next article guarantees to citizens of Mexico, now residing in territory ceded to the United States, all the rights and immunities of citizens of the latter country, provided they take the oath of allegiance; or in case they desire to continue citizens of Mexico, there is guaranteed to them the right to leave the territory, and to dispose of their property to the best advantage.

The next article of importance provides that grants of land in the territory ceded, made by Mexico prior to the treaty, shall be respected by the United States.

The next article provides that Catholic residents in the ceded territory are to be protected in the exercise of their religion.

The next article provides that grants of land in Texas, made by Mexico prior to the year 1836, shall be respected by the United States.

The next article provides that this Government shall take prompt and effectual measures for the defence of the borders from Indian incursions.

In consideration of this cession of territory on the part of Mexico, the government of the United States binds itself to pay Mexico fifteen millions of dollars. In this sum are to be included the three millions of dollars already appropriated by Congress, for the furtherance of peace, and now subject to the order of Mr. Trist. This sum is to be paid immediately on the ratification of this treaty by the Mexican government.

The remaining twelve millions are to be paid either by instalments, or by the issue of a six per cent. stock, redeemable by the United States.

Several articles are devoted to the executory details of both of these modes of payment. The adoption of either is to be optional with this Government.

The next important article binds the Government of the United States to assume all claims of American citizens against the Government of Mexico—both those already decided, amounting to two millions, and those undecided, amounting to about three millions of dollars.

Some unimportant articles then follow, for the mode of executing this portion of the treaty, such as the appointment of a commissioner to decide upon the claims, &c., &c.

The treaty of commerce of 1831, between the two Republics, is to be revived for eight years, and afterwards to be renewed at the option of both Governments.

The troops are to leave Mexico in three months after the ratification of the treaty by both Governments, unless the sickly season should come on before their embarkation can be effected; in which case they have to retire to a healthy situation, and are to be furnished with supplies on amicable terms by the Mexican Government.

Supplies which arrive in the meantime, are not to be subject to duty.

The custom houses are to be restored to the Mexican Government, and means are to be adopted for settling the accounts.

The treaty is to be ratified by the President and Senate of the United States, and exchanged within four months of its ratification.

Any future war that may break out between Mexico and the United States, is to be conducted on Christian principles, and according to the usages of civilized nations.

The boundary specified is to be defined as laid down in Disternal's map of Mexico, published at New York in 1847.

**Congress.**

The absorbing event of the week at Washington has been the death of Mr. Adams, and but little business has been done in the Senate. On the 24th Mr. Allen offered the following Resolution, which was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary:

Resolved, That the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to inquire and report to the Senate, by bill or otherwise, whether, in addition to the following act, to wit: "An act for the punishment of certain crimes therein specified. Be it enacted, &c. That if any person, being a citizen of the United States, whether he be actually resident or abiding within the United States or in any foreign country, shall, without the permission or authoritp of the Government of the United States, directly or indirectly, commence or carry on any verbal or written correspondence or intercourse with any foreign Government, or any officer or agent thereof, with an intent to influence the measures or conduct of any foreign Government, or of any officer or agent thereof, in relation to any disputes or controversies with the United States, or defeat the measures of the Government of the United States; or if any person, being a citizen of or resident within the United States, and not duly authorized, shall counsel, advise, aid, or assist in any such correspondence, with intent as aforesaid, he or they shall be deemed guilty of a high misdemeanour, and, on conviction before any court of the United States having jurisdiction thereof, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding five thousand dollars and by imprisonment during a term of not less than six months, nor exceeding three years: Provided always, That nothing in this act contained shall be construed to abridge the right of individual citizens of the United States to apply, by themselves or their lawful agents, to any foreign Government or the agents thereof for the redress of any injuries in relation to person or property which such individuals may have sustained from such Government, or any of its agents, citizens, or subjects," approved January 30, 1799—any further legislation be necessary in order more effectually to protect the rights and interests of the people of the United States against the consequences which may result from the assumption of any individual or individuals, without authority to act, in the name or behalf of the Government of the United States, or any department or officer thereof, with any foreign Government, or department or officer thereof, or any individual or individuals assuming to be such foreign Government, or department or officer thereof, and especially in matters of peace and war.

The following Resolutions, submitted by Mr. Baldwin on the 3d instant, were then read, and a brief debate ensued, which we copy from the National Intelligencer:

Mr. Allen said the Resolution was a mere matter of inquiry for the Committee on Judiciary, and he presumed there would be no objection.

The question having been taken on its adoption, it was decided in the affirmative without a count.

The following Resolutions, submitted by Mr. Baldwin on the 3d instant, were then read as follows:

Resolved, That if any territory shall hereafter be acquired by the United States or annexed thereto, the act by which said territory is acquired or annexed, whatever such act may be, should contain an unalterable fundamental article or provision whereby slavery or involuntary servitude, except as punishment for crime, shall be for ever excluded from the territory acquired or annexed.

Resolved, That in any cession of territory that may be acquired as the result of the war with Mexico, the desire of that republic, expressed by her commissioners in their negotiation with Mr. Trist, to provide for the protection of the inhabitants of the ceded territory against the introduction of the system of human Slavery therein by a stipulation to that effect in any treaty that may be made, cannot, consistently with the rights of those inhabitants, or with the principles of justice and liberty which have been proclaimed to the world as the basis of our institutions, be disregarded or denied.

These resolutions led to a brief debate, in which several Senators participated.

Mr. Rusk moved to lay the resolutions on the table. The subject was one of too exciting a nature for the present occasion.

Mr. Baldwin said he had no objection that the resolutions should be laid over informally; but if it was the intention thus to dispose of the resolutions finally, he must demand the yeas and nays.

Mr. Bagby regretted the introduction of the resolutions, but when they were introduced he had a conversation with the mover, in which there was an understanding that, after the ten regiment bill was disposed of, the subject should be called up and discussed, he (Mr. B.) having introduced resolutions of an antagonistic character. If called on then to vote, he should feel that he should be violating that understanding if he were to vote to lay the resolutions on the table.

Mr. Baldwin said there had been an understanding between the Senator from Alabama and himself, that on some future day, after the discussion on the military bill had been finished, they would set apart a time for the discussion. Mr. B. had no desire to violate that understanding. Certainly, the resolutions had not been called up by him. He wished them simply passed over until such time as they could have an opportunity for free discussion on their merits.

Mr. Rusk deprecated any discussion on a subject of so exciting a character as to threaten to shake this Republic to its very centre.

Mr. Allen said he should move to lay the resolutions on the table now and forever, and all such resolutions, and asked the yeas and nays.

That question, however, being already pending, the vote was taken on laying the resolutions on the table, and decided in the affirmative, by a vote of 35 to 11.

NARRATIVE OF WM. W. BROWN.—Of this excellent and most interesting biography, the Sandwich Observer says:

We are indebted to the autobiographer for a copy of this book. Besides the touching sketch of his life in bondage and of his escape, (which we had before read,) the present edition contains an article on the American slave trade, communicated by Mr. Brown to the Liberty Bell, and an appendix that furnishes more facts respecting the character of the slave system. The work is also illustrated with a picture of Brown, and other engravings. The fact that such noble specimens of men have been held as property, tells against the institution that disgraces our country, and in favour of the capabilities of the negro race for improvement equal with our own. Douglass and Brown are living witnesses, that none can gainsay, by their eloquent words and proper conduct they have done a great deal to make friends for their race, and now by their writings they are doing much to disarm prejudices and create respect.—A. J. P.

☞ We are indebted to Hon. John P. Hale, for a copy of the Report of the minority of the Committee on Military Affairs, on the Petition of the legal representatives of Antonio Pacheco, praying compensation for a slave.

**Notes on New Books.**

*Messrs. Leonard, Scott & Co.'s Republications.*—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column of the republication of Messrs. Leonard, Scott & Co. of the most valuable Reviews of Great Britain. Of the contents of the last number of each of them—which we have received from the Messrs. Scott—and of the value of them all, we shall make a more extended notice in our next paper, as they came too late to give us time even for a glance at them for this. The February number of Blackwood, we observe, is in advance of the English edition in this country, which has not yet been received.

*The Blackstone Chronicle.*—We have received the first number of a new paper, with the above title, just established in the flourishing village of Blackstone, Massachusetts, and published and edited by our old friend Oliver Johnson. The number is a good one, though got out under great disadvantages, and gives promise of what the Chronicle is to be—one of the best country papers, we have no doubt, in New England. We commend it most heartily to all our friends and readers in Southern Massachusetts who want a local paper. Mr. Johnson means to make it a good family paper, and he will succeed. We copy a paragraph from his introductory, replete with good-sense and sound principles, from which it will be seen that nobody need be in doubt as to his proposed course:

But while we shall carefully avoid all alliances with Party or Sect, taking no part whatever in the discussion of party questions as such, we desire it to be distinctly understood, that on all the great Moral and Social Questions of our time, such as the Abolition of Slavery, Intemperance, War, and the Gallows, and the various Reforms which have for their object the Protection of the Weak against the Strong, and the Elevation of the Oppressed and Degraded of the Human Race, we hold ourselves free to speak, from time to time, according to the dictates of our own judgment and conscience, and without regard to the interests or wishes of any sectarian or political organization. If our advocacy of what we regard as Truth, on any question of Morals, or our open and undisguised opposition to any of the Vices or Crimes of the age, shall bring us in conflict with any Party or Sect, the responsibility will rest on those who are found in an attitude of hostility to the requirements of God and the welfare of man. A public journal, which should permit itself to be indifferent, or awed into silence respecting questions like those to which we have alluded, would soon die from sheer inanity; nor would its death be matter for serious regret. Questions such a these transcend the limits of Parties and Sects. They belong to Humanity; and the Editor who fails to discuss them in a manly and independent spirit, can hardly attain to eminent usefulness in his vocation. If we have not mistaken the feelings of this community, they desire a Press which shall be something better than a mere dead fish floating with the current—one, in short, which not only *has* opinions, but the courage to *express* them when occasion requires. The space, however, which we can devote to any or even all the distinctive Reforms in a general newspaper intended to meet the wants of all classes, must necessarily be somewhat restricted. The freedom of discussion, not its extent, is what we mean to assert. We add, that the liberty which we claim for ourselves, we shall at all times be ready to extend to those whose views differ from ours, knowing that Truth can be winnowed from the chaff of false opinions only by the stern blasts of Free Discussion.

## GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

**Later from Mexico.**

*Treaty of Peace Ratified by Mexico.—Santa Anna to be Imprisoned.*

*By Pony Express and Telegraph to the Allied Press.*

COLUMBIA, S. C. February, 26, 1848.

The daily Overland Express package for the *New York Tribune* is received, and brings dates from New Orleans to the 21st, Tampico to the 13th, and Vera Cruz to the 16th, the last two brought by the English steamer which arrived at Cat Island on the 20th instant. The steamer brought five passengers for Havana, five for England, and ten for New Orleans, and had on board $100,000 in specie. The courier from the English Legation arrived at Vera Cruz before the steamer sailed, with dates from the city of Mexico to the 13th.

*The American Star of the 11th instant, contains the official announcement that the treaty of peace was ratified on the part of the Mexican Congress, by receiving the signature of Signor Rossa, Minister of Foreign Affairs, on the 10th instant*, which date it bears. A meeting of the Deputies and Senators who were in the city was held, but only 24 were present, and a majority of them were in favour of peace and the treaty.

Gen. Lane reached the Capital safely on the 10th, from his excursion upon Orizba, and without further adventure. Lieut. Yascin of the Kentucky Volunteers, is dead. Liet. Clark, with his company was at Cuernavaca on the 9th instant, and Gen Alvarez was making great efforts to cut off his supplies. Lient. Clark was making every effort to thwart such plans, and had been so far successful.

The *Star* of the 12th says that Santa Anna had asked for a passport to leave the Republic, and that he recommends to his friends to yield up the contest with the United States, sue for peace, and establish a good government.

Pena y Pena publishes a letter in which he states that the Government of Queretaro, in conjunction with Gen. Scott, have resolved upon the imprisonment of Santa Anna, and thus remove the only obstacle which exists against a speedy conclusion of peace. There was considerable animation exhibited at Queretaro. Business was fast reviving under the general belief that peace was at hand if not already concluded.

The *American Star* of the 16th says the announcement had been officially made by the Ministers of Foreign Relations, hat the Treaty had been signed a second time by Mr. Trist for the United States, and Signor Cautuveas for the Commissioners of the Mexican Government.

The Mexican papers confirm the articles of the treaty in the matter of the cession of all of New Mexico, Texas and Upper California, on their part, and the payment of fifteen millions bonus, and five millions for our citizens' claims against Mexico by the United States.

**Disturbances in Venezuela.**

*Usurpation by President Monargus.—Massacre of Members of Congress.—Expected civil war.—State of the Country, its Capacities, People, &c.*

By the arrival at Norfolk on Friday last of the schr. *S. Ludwig* we are in receipt of important, though painful intelligence from Venezuela. It seems that President Monargus has attempted to seize the supreme power, and has caused the members of the Congress who were unfavourable to his designs to be massacred. The particulars will be found in the following letter from a mercantile friend at Laguayra, whose long residence in the country qualifies him to give a just opinion in relation to its affairs:

From the Special Correspondence of the Tribune.

LA GUAYRA, Jan. 28, 1828.

H. GREELEY, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* You will regret to learn that Venezuela, for some time free from the intestine commotions which have to so great an extent disturbed and prostrated the other Spanish Republics in South America, has at last, through the selfish ambition of her rulers, become a prey of violence and bloodthirsty anarchy. The constitution and laws are trampled under foot by the President, whose duty it was to guard and uphold them, and the representatives of the country have been driven from their seats, and either murdered by a brutal and ferocious soldiery, or compelled to sanction, by their votes, the will of a despot more unscrupulous and unsparing than a savage chieftain.

Congress met on Monday last at Caraccas, after having for some days previous attempted, but in vain, to obtain a quorum. On Monday, however, there were enough to organize, and they were called to order and commenced the usual formalities not without foreboding. As I was told by one of the members who was present, they felt that it was to be a critical day; and those who were known or suspected to be opposed to the President, felt that they were taking a fearful risk, but yet were determined to do their duty, whatever might be the consequences.

They were not long in uncertainty as to the immediate designs of the President and his minions or as to the length which they were resolved to go in carrying them out. Hardly had the proceedings commenced when one of the President's creatures provoked a member of the opposite party, Senor A. Salas of Maracaibo by an insulting expression. This seemed at once to inflame the passions of all the prominent members of both parties, and the whole hall was at once a perfect scene of disorder. At the sound of the violent dispute several citizens crowded in from without, eager to witness or to take part in the expected fray. Soon from words they came to blows, knives were drawn in a style worthy of Arkansas, and in a moment the cry ran through the crowd "*Senor Salas esta herido!*" (Senor Salas is stabbed!)

This struck terror into both spectators and participants. All save those immediately engaged in the contest, regarded as the presage of unknown horrors yet to come, while the groans of the wounded man whose blood was staining the floor as he sought to make his escape, were most painful. The citizens rushed forth into the streets and gave the alarm. This was the signal wished for by the soldiery of the President, Monargas, who were drawn up waiting for this *denouément.* Their commandant, crying out that such *Es Candalo* must be suppressed, ordered them to march immediately. In a few moments they were on the spot and then commenced the work of bloodshed. The partisans of the President, warned of what was to come, had made their escape while the others know not where to turn. The soldiers, crying "*Muerte a los traidores,*" (death to the traitors,) fired in at the windows killing several. Others who attempted to escape at the door, were cut down without mercy; among them Don Antonio, who was stabbed at the beginning, fell dead there pierced by several bayonets. Two Senors were killed, one having his brains blown out with the ball of an escopet and the other being nearly severed by a sword. Many others were killed, among them my estimable friend Don Felipe Valencia. Several were seriously wounded and a few escaped by forcing off the iron gratings of the windows in the rear and clambering over the walls.

Finally the slaughter ceased and the rest of the members were ceased as prisoners by the soldiery now glutted The next act in the drama was performed by the mob who rushed into the hall, broke in pieces the decorations and furniture and tearing down a full length portrait of Gen. Bolivar, with which it was adorned, and trampled it under their feet.

The city was at once occupied in every part by the troops of Monargas. All the places of business were closed, and every house was barricaded, and the foreigners of all nations sought the protection of their flags.

The next day the Congress met again, being escorted to the hall by an armed force, which remained during their deliberations. Monargas was present, and no opposition was made to the passage of the resolutions which he required. At the same time a proclamation was issued, calling on the people to resume their avocations, and assuring them that the efforts of a few seditious men to overthrow the Government and the Constitution had been put down, and the cause of public order triumphantly sustained! This piece of hypocrisy, however, deceived no one, and the universal distrust still remained. The meeting was continued on Wednesday, under the same circumstances; and with the soldiery in the very hall overawing them, the Congress of course did not hesitate to pass the resolutions laid before them by one of the leading adherents of the Presidents, totally exonerating him from all censure on account of the massacre on Monday. The same day a general amnesty was proclaimed.

It is now expected that Gen. Paez will at once pronounce against Monargas and march upon Caraccas with a large force, which he will have no difficulty in raising among the *llanos* of the South. The forces which Monargas has been collecting within the past year with a body of cavalry which he is now endeavouring to muster will not number in all more than 4,800 effective men.—Against them Paez will bring an army superior in bravery and *morale,* if not in numbers, and without much doubt, will succeed in putting him down. But whatever be the result of the conflict, whether the liberals or the oligarchists triumph, the interests of the country must in the meanwhile suffer profoundly. In truth it is at the best saddening to see how a land of such abundant resources is left unimproved by the indolence and shiftlessness of its inhabitants. With such a climate as it enjoys in the mountainous regions, and such a soil as may be found everywhere, whether in the valleys of the North or in the open *llanos* or plains toward the mighty Orinoco in the South, it ought to be and in future time will be one of the most splendid regions even within the fruitful limits of the tropics. The capacity of the country for the production of wealth is absolutely without limit, and its people exist in comparative poverty. Such crops of sugar, cotton, tobacco, cocoa, coffee, vanilla, &c., might here be produced as would astonish the residents of other less favoured regions. If a little Yankee enterprise, industry and steadiness could be infused into the people they might become one of the first nations in the world, in spite of the unhealthiness of part of the country and earthquakes which now and then disturb the coast. As it is, however, I am dreadfully home-sick, and if the present disturbances are not soon put down, I shall have, in the inevitable stagnation of business, no inducement to remain. At any rate, I hope to see my native land again before very long. After all, I would not give a single village with its schools, its churches, and its industrious and intelligent people among the rocks and sand-hills of New England for all the richness and magnificence of the tropics.

I will advise you of what farther happens as I have an opportunity. As ever, most truly your friend, A. D.

**General Items.**

*Death of Morales.*—El Nationel, at Zacatlan, announces the death of Gen Morales, one of those who fought with zeal and energy for independence. That paper adds, that his military knowledge and generalship, made him esteemed even by his enemies, while his high personal character won for him a large circle of friends.

The New Bedford Bulletin relates a case in which a young man in a drug store in New Bedford, became a raving maniac, from inhaling Chloroform.

*Life of John Randolph.*—John Randolph, a coloured servant, born on the plantation of the famons Randolph of Roanoke, and long in his service, but among the four hundred left free by his will, proposes to publish "The Private Life of John Randolph," including letters, poetry, anecdotes, &c., &c.

Rev. *Edmund H. Chapin*, of Boston, has accepted a call from the Universalist Society worshipping in the Apollo Saloon, but to take possession of the church they have purchased in Murray street, on the 1st of April.—Mr. Chapin will commence his ministry here on the 1st of May.

The following liberal offer will attract very general attention:

*TEMPERANCE ESSAYS—$200 PREMIUM.*

The sum of Two Hundred Dollars having been placed in the hands of the subscriber to be offered as a Premium in such a manner as in his judgment will best conduce to the interest of the Temperance Cause, he would make the following offers:

1. For the best Essay, not exceeding eight pages of The Organ, on the "Moral, Religious and Political Evils of the Liquor Traffic, and Means for its Prohibition," the sum of One Hundred and Fifty Dollars.

2. For the second best, the sum of Fifty Dollars.

The money will be paid to the successful competitors on demand as soon as the judges announce their decision.

The following gentlemen have consented to act as judges: Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D. D. Rev. George Peck, D. D. of New-York, and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn.

All papers for competition to be handed in by the 3d day of June, next. Address, free of postage "J. W. Oliver, office of The New-York Organ, New-York city, for the Judges on Prize Essays."

☞ These Essays will not be copy-righted, the object being a wide circulation with a view to do good.

Your well known zeal and ability in the good cause of Total Abstinence, has induced the hope that you might be inclined again to employ your pen for its advancement.

New-York, Feb. 12, 1848. J. W. OLIVER.

**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.**

*For the Standard—from February 17, to 28th, 1848.*

| | |
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| 452 John Mann, Morristown, N. J. | $1 00 |
| 454 J. W. Low, Boston, Mass. | 1 00 |
| 429 Warren Low, Essex, " | 1 00 |
| 395 J. H. Sevrence, Milton, " | 50 |
| 420 E. P. Atkinson, Brookline, " | 1 00 |
| 454 Rev. R. Smith, Starkville, N. Y. | 1 00 |
| 454 David Patten, Vanhornsville, " | 1 00 |
| 426 Henry Houpt, Newville, " | 1 00 |
| 423 Temple Fay, New York, | 1 00 |
| 432 O. A. Mudge, New London, Ct. | 1 00 |
| 434 J. P. Huntoon, Paterson, N. J. | 1 00 |
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| 476 David Hinckley, Hyamisport, Mass. | 1 00 |
| 418 George Saul, Syracuse, N. Y. | 1 00 |
| | 15 50 |
| Total | 15 50 |

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

☞ NOTICE.—By the post-office law now in force, publishers of newspapers are permitted to send, in their papers to subscribers, bills *unreceipted;* but a *receipted* bill subjects the receiver to letter postage. Our subscribers, therefore, will find a bill, unreceipted of course, in their papers at the expiration of the time to which they have paid. The amount received for subscription is acknowledged above, and the *whole number* of the paper to which each subscriber has paid precedes his name.

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New styles of Prints of medium quality, usual width.
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Flannels 4-4 good and price low. Canton flannels, white and coloured.
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Apron and Furniture Check. Cotton Handkerchiefs.
Cotton Twilled Pantaloon Stuffs. Also Linen Drilling, &c.
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The whole stock exclusively FREE LABOUR GOODS, to which the subscriber would invite the attention of Country Merchants, as well as his friends and the public generally.

Much pains are taken by the Managers of the Free Produce Association, to assist the subscriber to enlarge the assortment from time to time.

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Letter to the People of the United States, touching the Matter of Slavery. By Theodore Parker.—pp. 120. Price, 18 3-4 cents.

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**NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.**

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

| | |
|---|---|
| **ASHES.** Duty, 20 per ct ad val. per 100lbs | |
| Pots, 1st sort 1846 | 7 5.93 a —.6 |
| Pearl | 8.37 a 8.50 |
| **BEESWAX.** Duty: 20 per cent. ad val. | |
| Cuba, white per lb | —.— a —.— |
| American, yellow, | —.23 a —.24 |
| **BRISTLES.** Duty, 5 per cent ad val. | |
| St.Pet'sbg, 1st sort lb. | .90 a 1.12½ |
| do. 2d sort | .35 a .45 |
| Okatka, gray&white | 1.90 a 1.95 |
| Souchoy | 60 a .65 |
| American | 55 a .60 |
| **COAL.** Duty, 30 per cent. ad val. | |
| Liverpool, Orrel.chal | 8.50 a 9. |
| Newcastle, coarse | 8.26 a 7.50 |
| Scotch | 8.26 a 8.00 |
| Sidney and Pictou | 6.00 a 6.25 |
| Anthracite, 2,000lbs | 5.50 a 6.00 |
| **DOMESTICS.** | |
| Shirtings, brown 3-4 yd | 5 a 5½ |
| do. do. 7-8 | — a — |
| do. bleached | 5 a — |
| do. S. I. do. | 7 a 9 |
| Sheetings, brown 4-4 | 6 a 8 |
| do. do. 5-4 | 10 a 12 |
| do. bleached 4-4 | 7½ a 10 |
| do. do. 5-4 | 12 a 15 |
| Calicoes, blue | 8 a 10 |
| do. fancy | 6 a 12 |
| Plaids | 9 a 11 |
| Kentucky jeans, | 15 a 30 |
| Satinetts | 25 a 60 |
| Checks 4-4 | 8 a 10 |
| Cotton Osna. S. No. 1 | — a 9 |
| do. No. 2 | — a 8 |
| Cotton yarn, 5 a 13 | 16 a 17 |
| do. 14 a 19 | 17 a 19 |
| do. 20 a 23 | 19 a |
| **FLOUR & MEAL.** Duty, 20 per cent ad val. | |
| Genesee per bbl. | 6 37½ a 6.90 |
| Troy | 6.12½ a 6.25 |
| Michigan | 6.12½ a [illegible] |
| Ohio, new | 6.12½ a 6.25 |
| Ohio round hoop | —.— a —.— |
| Ohio, via, Canal | —.— a —.— |
| Pennsylvania | 6.00 a 6.12½ |
| Brandywine | 6.75 a 6.50 |
| Georgetown | 6.— a 6.12½ |
| Baltimore c. mills | 6.— a 6¼ |
| Richmond c. mills | — . a —.— |
| do. country | 6.37½ a 6.50 |
| Alexandria | 6.— a 6.— |
| Fredericksburg | 6.— a 6.— |
| Petersburg | 6.— a 6.25 |
| Rye flour | 4.00 a 4.12 |
| Cornmeal, Jersey | 2.26 a 2.62 |
| do. hhd. | 14.50 a —.— |
| **FISH** Duty, 20 per cent ad val. | |
| Dry cod, cwt. | 3.50 a 3.75 |
| Dry scale | 2.00 a 2.25 |
| Pickled cod, bbl. | 3.50 a 3.62 |
| do. salmon, tce | 20.00 a 21.00 |
| Smoked do. lb | — a — |
| Mackerel, 1, bbl. | 8.00 a 8.12½ |
| do. No. 1 small | 10.75 a 1.87 |
| do. No. 2 | 6.87 a 6.00 |
| do. do. North | 6.75 a 7.75 |
| do. No. 3 South | 5.12½ a 5.25 |
| do. do. North | 4.87½ a 5.00 |
| Shad, N 1 Ct.hf.bbl. | 7.00 a 7.00 |
| do. No. 2 | 6.00 a —.— |
| Bucksp't. bbl. | 7.25 a —.— |
| Mass. do. | —.— a —.— |
| Southern | —.— a —.— |
| Herring, pickled | 3.25 a 3.50 |
| do. scale, per box, | 55 a 64 |
| do. No. 1 | 40 a 45 |
| do. No. 2 | 32 a 33 |
| **GRAIN.** Duty, 20 per cent. ad val. | |
| Wheat, white bush | 1.36 a 1.33½ |
| do Western | 1.18 a 1.25 |
| do. Southern | 1.20 a 1.26 |
| Rye northern | .88 a .90 |
| Corn north'n & Jer | 73 a .75 |
| do south'n(weight) | 73 a .— |
| do N O & West'n | — a — |
| Barley, Western, | 75 a .85 |
| Oats, northern | 47 a .49 |
| do. southern | — a .— |
| do. New-Jersey | 42 a 43 |
| Peas, white | 1.50 a 1.56 |
| Black eyed, 2 bush. | 2.00 a 2.12½ |

| | |
|---|---|
| **FLAX** Duty: 15 per cent. ad val. | |
| Russia per lb. | a — |
| American | 8½ a 9 |
| **FEATHERS** Duty: 25 per cent. ad val. | |
| Foreign per lb. | 31 a 36 |
| Foreign A. A. | 35 a — |
| Live, American | 33 a 35 |
| **HAY**—Per 100 lbs. | |
| North River in bales | 51 a 55 |
| **HOPS** Duty, 20 per cent. ad val. | |
| First sort 1846, lb. | 5½ a 7 |
| **LEATHER. [Sole]** Duty, 20 per cent. ad val. | |
| Oak per lb. | 20 a 23 |
| Oak Ohio, | 20 a 23 |
| Hemlock, light | 14 a 15½ |
| do. middle | 14 a 15½ |
| do. heavy | 13 a 14½ |
| do. damaged | 14 a 16 |
| do. poor do. | 7 a 10 |
| **LIME** | |
| Thomaston per bbl | .75 a .80 |
| **LUMBER** Duty: Timber and firewood, 20 boards, timber, &c. shaped for use, 30; do rough, 20 per ct ad val. Yard selling prices | |
| Timber w. pine pr.c.ft. | 18 a 25 |
| do. east'n scant or beams prM. ft. | 16.25 a 16.50 |
| do oak, cu. ft. | .25 a .3 |
| do. Gr. Isl.W.O. | —28 a |
| do. O.scnt.pr.M.ft. | 30.00 a |
| do. Ga.yel.pine (by cargo) per cub. ft. | —24 a |
| Plank Ga. yel. pine pr M foot | 27.50 a — |
| Boards N.R.M.ft.cl. | 35.00 a 40.00 |
| do. 2d ql. | 25.00 a 27.50 |
| do. Box | 14.00 a 14.50 |
| Albany, piece | 12 a .21 |
| Plank Alb. pine | 12 a .21 |
| Laths E. by car. | 2.50 a 3.00 |
| Shingles bh. 18 in. | 1.75 a 2.25 |
| do. Ced.3ft.1stql. | 26.00 a —.30 |
| do. do. 2d ql. | 24.— a 28.— |
| do. 2ft.1st ql. | 18.— a 22.— |
| do. do.2dql. | 16.— a 20.— |
| do. Cyprus 2d ql. | 15.— a [illegible] |
| Heading W.O.pr.M. | 45.— a 50.— |
| Staves W. O. pipe | 50.— a —.— |
| do. do. hhd. | 40.— a —.— |
| do. do. bbl. | 30.— a —.— |
| do. R. O. hhd. | 20.— a 30.— |
| **PROVISIONS.** Duty: Cheese 30; all other 20 per cent. ad val. | |
| Beef, mess per bbl. | 8.25 a 8.75 |
| do. prime | 5.25 a 6.00 |
| Pork, mess, Ohio | 9.— a 9.25 |
| do. prime new | 10. a 10.12½ |
| Lard | 7½ a —. 8 |
| Hams, smoked | 8½ a —. 8½ |
| Shoulders, smoked | 9 a —. 7½ |
| Beef do. | 6 a —.— |
| Butter, Orange co. | 18½ a —.21 |
| do. West'n dairy | 14 a —.16 |
| do. common | — a — |
| Cheese | 6 a —. 7 |
| **SEEDS.** Duty: flaxseed, clover, and timothy, 20 per cent. ad val. | |
| Clover, per lb. | —. 7 a —.7c |
| Timothy, 7 bush. | 14.— a 18.— |
| Flax, rough | 1.— a 1.— |
| do. clean | —.— a —.— |
| **TALLOW.** Duty: tallow, grease, & soap stuff 10 per cent. ad val. | |
| Rendered | 9 a 9½ |
| **WOOL.** Duty, 30 per cent. ad val. | |
| Am. Sax'ny. fleece lb. | 42 a 4 |
| Am. full blood Merino | 38 a 40 |
| Am. ½ & ¾ Merino | 33 a 36 |
| Am. native & ¼ do. | 28 a 30 |
| Superfine, pulled, ctry. | 33 a 35 |
| do. do city | 27 a 28 |
| No. 1, pulled, country, | 33 a 35 |
| do. city | 25 a 27 |
| South Am. washed | 16 a 21 |
| do. do. & picked | 16 a 88 |
| do. unwashed | 5 a 6 |
| Africa | 6 a 18 |
| Smyrna | 10 a 11 |
| Mexican | 7 a 2 |

# Poetry.

From the Dublin Nation.

## MAN'S MISSION.

I.

Human lives are silent, teaching—
Be they earnest, mild, and true,—
Noble deeds are noblest preaching
From the consecrated Few.
Poet-priests their anthems singing,
Hero-sword on corslet ringing,
When Truth's banner is unfurled;
Youthful preachers, genius-gifted,
Pouring forth their souls uplifted,
Till their preaching stirs the world.

II.

Each must work as God has given,
Hero hand or poet-soul—
Work is duty while we live in
This weird world of sin and dole.
Gentle spirits, lowly kneeling,
Lift their white hands up appealing
To the Throne of Heaven's King—
Stronger natures, culminating,
In great actions incarnating,
What another can but sing.

III.

Pure and meek-eyed as an angel
We must strive—must agonize;
We must preach the saint's evangel
Ere we claim the saintly prize—
Work for all—for work is holy—
We fulfil our mission solely
When, like Heaven's arch above,
Blend our souls in one emblazon,
And the social diapason
Sounds the perfect chord of love.

IV.

Life is combat, life is striving,
Such our destiny below—
Like a scythed chariot driving
Through an onward pressing foe.
Deepest sorrow, scorn, and trial,
Will but teach us self-denial;
Like the Alchemists of old,
Pass the ore through cleansing fire
If our spirits would aspire
To be God's refined gold.

V.

We are struggling in the morning
With the spirit of the night,
But we trample on it scorning—
Lo! the eastern sky is bright.
We must watch. The day is breaking;
Soon, like Memnon's statute waking
With the sunrise into sound,
We shall raise our voice to Heaven,
Chant a hymn for conquest given,
Seize the palm, nor heed the wound.

VI.

We must bend our thoughts to earnest,
Would we strike the Idols down;
With the purpose of the sternest,
Take the Cross, and leave the Crown.
Sufferings human life can hallow,
Sufferings lead to God's Valhalla—
Meekly bear, but nobly try,
Like a man with soft tears flowing,
Like a god with conquest glowing,
So to love, and work, and die!

SPERANZA.

## MONTANUS.—HIS HERESIE.

BY C. G. FENNER.

With lofty spirit to express
Unto an age of wickedness,
Thy sentence of sincere disdain;—
To rise above the common plane
Of grovelling mortals, and to show
Thself to all bad men a foe,—
Thy mission was:—for this, men call
Thee Heretic and Radical,

Thy unlettered common sense
Did despise the huge pretence
Of the sophist, and did draw
From thy heart the highest Law;
Which no fine-spun theories,
Subtly drawn from else than this,
Can with perfect fulness grant
To the height of spirit-want.

From thy Phrygian Nazareth,
Where thou didst inhale with breath
Of the mountain air, its free
And quick sense of liberty,
Thou didst come, with open heart
Thy large spirit to impart.
But thy speech was rasp—severe—
Such as men love not to hear.

Thou couldst not compel thy soul
To a mean and stinted dole
Of the Holy Spirit's treasure;
But with grand and lavish measure,
Thou didst openly declare,
It was given without spare;—
That the promised Paraclete
Was other than an empty cheat;
That the Father's smile still shone
On each heart, and every one
Who would humbly live and love,
Should be anointed from above.

Thou didst teach, that God ne'er dies;
But with ever fresh supplies
Of his Holy Spirit guides
This green world, and the great tides
Of Time's ever-surging sea
Ebb and flow by his decree.

Thou didst teach, that Christ the risen
Did not leave in darkest prison
The dear souls he came to save;
But the Light he to them gave,
Was a real, living Presence,
Full of everlasting pleasance,
Spreading far beyond the lines
Of Judea's crampt confines,
And beyond the paltry hour
Fraught with Apostolic power,
Spreading into endless ages,
Filling souls of countless sages,
Beautifying human life,
Soothing every angry strife,
Filling out the world's great span
With an all-embracing plan;
And all that Time should e'er create,
The life of Christ should permeate.
Simple, decent, chaste, severe,
Glad, content with frugal cheer,
Firm, courageous, bold and free,—
Such the Life proclaimed by thee.

And for this, thou art writ down
As a senseless village clown,
Filled with overweening pride,
Mystic, dreamer, all beside
That the so-called Catholic
Brands upon the Heretic.

# Miscellany.

From the [Correspondence] Christian Reflector.

## ALPHONSE CONSTANT.

"Last January, as I was passing along the boulevard du Temple—which the people call by the significant title of the 'boulevard of crime,'—I observed on the walls, and over the book-stalls, and a few book-stores, several placards, with this notice in large letters:

LE PEUPLE A FAIM, LA FRANCE A PEUR!
*Paroles de Lamartine,*
*The People Starve, France trembles with Fear!*
*Words of Lamartine.*

"At the moment, I was accidentally prevented from inquiring into this revolutionary use of the poet's words, but I conjectured that perhaps the placards simply announced some work of Lamartine, appropriate to the fearful evils which afflict the poor, during a rigorous winter. For I knew how warmly this ardent friend of the French Republican party, sympathizes, both as poet and as legislator, with the suffering people. On the eighth of February, however, the whole affair was explained by the trial, at the Court of Assizes, of Alphonse Constant, under two indictments: 1st, exciting hate and contempt against the Government; and 2d, exciting hate between the different classes of society, by the publication of a pamphlet, entitled, *The Voice of Famine*, and bearing the motto which I had seen placarded on the boulevard. The publisher of the work was also prosecuted for having advertised, without permission, a political treatise. Constant had before been condemned by the same court, for publishing a book called *The Bible of the People.* Although he is neither a Luther nor a Mirabeau, he is, evidently, sincere in his enthusiasm for reforms in Church, State, and Society. Perhaps a brief account of his trial may not be uninteresting, as illustrating the influence of the system under which he has been educated, upon one who is neither strong enough to escape entirely from them, nor yet tame enough to forbear struggling against them. Such a spirit as his pines for the free air of truth, but like Sterne's poor starling at the Bastile, it can only wound its wings against the cage, and echo the wail of its fellow-prisoners, 'I can't get out! I can't get out!'

"The Advocate-General, Bresson, sustained the prosecution on the part of the Government. In detailing the circumstances of the case, he stated that Constant, after having left the prison to which he had been condemned for promulgating the most subversive doctrines, enjoyed the patronage of a bishop, became reconciled to the Church, and was put in the way of honourably gaining his livelihood; but that he soon returned to the world, and, resuming his pen, wrote a new work, which is a chaotic mass of insensate theories, and rancorous invectives.

"M. Constant conducted his own defence.

"'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I have belonged to the church, but I have never been ordainned a priest, I have never said mass, nor heard confessions. I was invested with the character of a deacon, and as such I have ascended the pulpit, by Episcopal permission. I have been represented as having twice apostacised, and I must therefore enter into some personal details which are painful to me, but which I cannot avoid.

"'I was the son of a workman, who could leave me no other resources than manual labour. I entered a seminary, and I can honestly say, that none there were more sincere than myself, however much more regular and virtuous they may have been. I received the sub-deaconship, and the deaconship.—but at the Seminary, one lives out of the world, one knows not to what excess those affections of the heart may lead, which are forbidden by the Catholic Church to its ministers. I would speak of celibacy only with respect, but I believe myself incapable of accepting it. I conceived a passion, pure from all stain of the senses. I told this to the ecclesiastic, who directed my conscience. I told him all, and inquired if, with such sentiments, I could become a priest. He answered that I could not, and that, were I even on the steps of the altar, I ought to draw back from the priesthood, the moment my heart was not free from affections foreign to my duties. I followed the voice of my conscience—I left the Seminary. (Here the prisoner wept, and his voice was broken and indistinct.) And my poor mother, unable to survive the terrible blow—'

"At this point, the speaker interrupted himself by sobs, and fell, as if fainting, upon the bench. After a few minutes repose, he continued:

"'Upon leaving the Seminary, I suffered from hunger. I became familiar with misery. Then I began to doubt the faith of my childhood; I was tempted to believe no longer in God. But more profound investigation brought me, not indeed to religion, such as I had believed it to be, but to religious principles, to ideas of reform, which I wished to submit to church authority. It was at this period that I wrote *The Bible for the People*, a book written with strict conscientiousness, but containing, I confess, some dangerous exaggerations. It has been said, that after my condemnation, I was patronized by a bishop. The truth of the matter is this:

"'In the prison of St. Pelagie, the chaplain took an interest in me, and procured employment for me, (for I am a painter,) in the church of Choisy. I went afterward to Evreux, where I was well received by the bishop of Evreux, who could not have regarded me as infected with immorality, inasmuch as he intrusted me with missionary functions, in the surrounding country. I went about, staff in hand, preaching to men that which has ever been in my heart: Charity and Brotherhood. The bishop thought that some day I might be elevated to priesthood. I should have refused, for I felt well persuaded that I could be nothing in the Church.

"'A journal of Evreux, to excite scandal, informed its readers that the Abbe Bancourt, (this was the name which I was authorized to bear, the name of my mother,) was no other than the Abbe Constant, who had been condemned for incendiary doctrines. The blow was terrible. I was constrained to quit Evreux.

"'At this period, my death was announced in the religious journals. Well, the Abbe Constant is dead. Think no more of him. You have before you, gentlemen, Constant, an artist, a man of letters, a man of the people, poor, and a friend of the poor.

"'I have published two volumes since the appearance of the Bible for the People. These books attest sentiments of piety; they attest the respect which I would ever cherish for religious things. I submitted these works to the ecclesiastical authorities. The decision was, that they are neither orthodox nor heretical, but extravagant.'

"The prisoner tried to exculpate the work which had occasioned his trial. He had wished, he said, to compose a pamphlet. His aim was to draw the attention of the rich to the miseries of the poor, by the bitterness of his reproaches, by the violence of his hyperboles, in the style of satirists and pamphleteers. He admitted that he entertains the doctrines and the hopes of the Phalansterians, or Fourierites. 'These are dreams,' he remarked, 'and follies in the estimation of a vast number of persons. In my opinion, they are based upon reason.'

"M. Constant read in court, a letter addressed to him, relative to one of his religious works, *La Fete Dieu*, by Silvio Pellico, the celebrated author of 'My Prisons.' I will translate this letter, as it is short, and nothing is without a certain interest, from the pen of this writer, whose affecting recital of his imprisonment excited so much sympathy, a few years ago, in the United States. Silvio Pellico, by the way, now belongs to a monastery near Rome:

"'Sir,—Your book is fine and good; I have read it, as we say *con amore*, (with love;) and it must have been *con amore* that you wrote such holy pages! God will bless you, will supply you with grace to serve him constantly *con amore*, to honour the great ministry to which he has called you, to edify souls, to draw them to the feet of Jesus and Mary. Oh! how admirable are intellectual gifts, when one rejects pride, when he desires to be humble and simple! It is then only that he is in the truth. He prays and he obtains. The Count de Branges does you justice, he loves and esteems you. Oh, let us all be saints! I commend myself to your prayers. Do not forget in them the poor sinner who pays homage to your virtue and your talent. *Sursum corda.*

SILVIO PELLICO.'

"The jury, after an hour of deliberation, found the prisoner guilty, under only one of the indictments preferred against him,—that of exciting hate among the different classes of society." ALCUIN.

SILKEN CORDAGE.—A new discovery of importance to the Navy, has been made in France. It consists in the employment of the cocoons and refuse of silk for the manufacture of sails and cordage. The material is lighter, cheaper, stronger, and more elastic than hemp.

From the Child's Friend.

## THE AFFRIGHTED ASS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWISS TRAVELS OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

Should any of the readers of these pages be ever tempted, in a moment of thoughtless levity or passion, to abuse the animals committed to their charge—those humbler brethren, who derive their existence from the same Hand which has fashioned ourselves—may the following narrative, portraying human sensibility and memory in the ass himself, childish heedlessness and brutal cruelty on the part of his tormentors, and Christian long suffering and tenderness in his owner, rise to their memories, and effectually check the mean, unmanly impulse!

"Inquiring of a peasant, whether I was on the road to Schwitz, he answered in the affirmative, and for my greater satisfaction pointed to a countryman and his ass about three hundred paces ahead of us, whom we might follow, he said, as far as Ibach.

Reassured by this explanation, we proceeded on our way, and having lost sight of the man and ass in a bend of the road, thought no more about them until on reaching the spot where they had disappeared, we saw the quadruped coming back and returning on the full gallop towards Brunnen, braying at the top of his voice to give notice, no doubt, of his arrival there. Behind him followed the peasant, though losing ground continually, and employing, as he ran, the most persuasive eloquence, in order to detain the fugitive. The language in which the good fellow entreated his ass being my own maternal tongue, I was touched by it much more than I was moved in favour of the stupid animal, and at the moment he was passing me, I dexterously seized the leathern bridle which he dragged after him; but being unwilling to yield himself prisoner, he continued on his part to pull forward. Not choosing to come off second best with an ass, I grew angry and pulled on my side; in short, I know not which would have gained the victory, had not my servant Francesco come to my assistance, by showering down a tempest of blows on the posteriors of my antagonist, with his walking-stick. This argument was decisive, the ass surrendered at once, with, or without this help. The peasant came up at the same moment, and we resigned the prisoner to him.

The poor man was bathed in perspiration, and we supposed that he would continue the chastisement which we had commenced with his beast; but to our great surprise, he addressed him in accents of kindness which appeared to me so singularly inappropriate to the case, that I could not help expressing to him my surprise at his gentleness, frankly saying, that I thought he would spoil the character of the animal, if he humoured him in such tricks.

"Ah!" he replied, "it is no trick, poor Pierrot does so because he is afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"He is afraid of a fire, which some children have kindled on the road."

"Granted," continued I, "but it is a very bad fault, master Pierrot, to be afraid of fire."

"What would you have?" replied the good man with the same forbearance, "the fear is stronger than he, poor beast!"

"But, my good man, were you upon his back when such a panic befel him, unless you are a much better rider than I apprehend, are you not aware that he might break your neck?"

"Oh yes, Sir," said the peasant, with an assenting gesture, "he undoubtedly would, and for that reason I never mount him."

"In that case, he is a very useful animal to you."

"Ah, well!" continued the good man, "such as you see him he has been the most docile, the best able to endure fatigue, and the most courageous animal in the whole canton; there has not been his equal."

"Your weak affection for him has spoiled him."

"Oh no, Sir, it was an accident which befel him."

"Move on, Pierrot," continued I, pushing the ass, who had stopped afresh.

"Stay! It is because he does not like to pass the water."

"How! Is he afraid, too, of water?"

"Yes, he is afraid of it."

"Why, then he is afraid of everything."

"To be sure, he is very skittish. Let us be moving, Pierrot."

We had reached a place where a brook about ten feet wide overflowed the road, and Pierrot, who appeared to have a profound horror of water, remained on the edge, with his four feet fastened to the ground, and absolutely refusing to advance a step farther. His purpose was visible; in vain the peasant pulled him, Pierrot opposed to him the force of a dogged inertness. I seized the rope and pulled on my side, but Pierrot stiffened himself anew by planting down his hind feet. Francesco then pushed him from the rear; but our combined efforts were insufficient to start Pierrot from the most perfect immobility. At last, not choosing to be worsted, I pulled so irregularly that the rope suddenly broke. This accident produced an effect on the several personages, similar in its results, though very different in the details. The peasant immediately fell backwards into the water; I tumbled by a retrograde movement of ten paces in the dust; and Francesco, suddenly losing his purchase by the quarter of a turn made unexpectedly by Pierrot, as he found himself at liberty, sprawled down upon his face and two hands in the mud.

"I was sure that he would not go over," said the good man, quietly, as he hitched up his breeches.

"Your Pierrot is an atrocious rhinoceros," replied I, shaking myself.

"A real demon, muttered Francesco, ascending the brook, that he might wash his hands and face at a spot where the water had not been disturbed.

"I am very much obliged to you," said the good man to me, "for the trouble you have taken on my account, kind Sir.

"That is of no consequence, I am only sorry that it has had no better result."

"What would you have? When we have done all in our power, there should be no regrets."

"Perhaps so, but—how are you now going to help yourself?"

"I shall make a circuit."

"What! shall you yield to Pierrot?"

"I must, for he will not yield to me."

"Not so," said I, "the matter shall not end thus; though I carry Pierrot on my back, go he shall."

"Humph!" said the good man, shaking his head, "he is heavy."

"Come, catch him by the bridle, I have a thought."

The peasant recrossed the brook, and proceeded to take Pierrot again by the end of his bridle, who had quietly stopped to munch a thistle.

"That is well," continued I, "now bring him as near as you can to the brook—right! Have you done cleaning your face, Francesco?"

"Yes, your excellency."

"Give me your stick and come here, sideways of Pierrot's head."

Francesco handed me the required article and performed the prescribed manœuvre; as for the peasant, he was tenderly caressing his ass.

I availed myself of this moment to take my station behind the animal. While he was responding to the endearments of his master, I passed our two mountain staffs between his legs. Francesco instantly comprehended my plan, and took up the two staffs by one end, while I lay hold on the other. At the word "Hoist!" Pierrot was lifted up from the ground, and at the order, "Forward! march!" he was triumphantly borne along in the fashion of a litter, we being the porters.

Whether it was, that the novelty of the expedient astounded him, or that he found this way of travelling to be to his taste, or, in short, that he was impressed with the superiority of our dynamic powers, Pierrot made no resistance, and we deposited him safe and sound on the other side.

"Well," said the peasant, after the beast had regained his equilibrium, "this was rather harsh treatment, what do you think of it, my poor Pierrot?"

Pierrot resumed his course, absolutely as if nothing had happened.

"And now," said I to the good man, "relate to me the accident which befel your ass, and how it came to pass that he should be afraid both of fire and water; this is the least you owe me, after the service which I have just done to you."

"Ah, Sir," replied the peasant, laying his hand on the neck of his beast, "it happened two years ago next November. There was already a great deal of snow in the mountain, and one evening I had returned with Pierrot, as to-day, from Brunnen—at that time, poor beast! he was afraid of nothing; and we, that is my son and my daughter-in-law and I, were warming ourselves around a good fire, hearing the wind whistle in the pine trees, when there was a knocking at the door. I ran to open it, and found two young Parisians outside who had come from St. Anna, and having lost their way in the mountain, were stiff with the cold. I brought them in to the fire, and while they were warming themselves, Mary Ann dressed some chamois-meat for them. They were gay fellows, and though half-dead, they jested and sported all the same, in short, they were genuine Frenchmen. They had saved their lives solely in consequence of having with them the means of lighting a fire, by which they had two or three times kindled a heap of branches, and after warming themselves resumed their march with fresh courage. Thus by dint of walking, warming themselves when they grew cold, and then resuming their course, they had reached my house. After supper I conducted them to their chamber; it was not elegant, to be sure, but it was all we had, and as pleasant even as a stove, because it had a door which opened into the stable, and Christian men can derive warmth from the animals. When I went to get the straw for their bed I had left this door of communication open, and Pierrot, who was always permitted to be as free as the air, because he was as gentle as a lamb, re-entered the chamber with me, following behind me like a dog, and browsing from the bundle of straw which I held under my arm. "You have a very fine animal there," said one of the travellers to me,—"indeed, I do not know whether you have noticed it, but Pierrot is superb of his kind,"—I nodded in assent.

"What is his name?" asked the elder of the two.

"His name is Pierrot. Just call him; he is not surly, he will come."

"How much may such an ass be worth?"

"Twenty or thirty crowns."

"That is a trifle."

"To be sure," said I, "compared with the service of which he is capable, it is not a high price. Come, friend Pierrot, we must let the gentlemen lie down." He followed me just as if he had understood me. I shut the door, and went back by the front way, that the gentlemen might be disturbed no farther. A moment after I heard them uttering peals of laughter. "Right," said I, "God regards the cottage where the guests are merry."

"The next day, at seven in the morning, our young men awoke; Mary Ann prepared their breakfast. Our guests ate with the appetite of travellers, and then wished to settle their bill; we told them to pay what they pleased. They gave Mary Ann a louis, who wished to return it to them, but they would not consent, being, as it appeared, rich.

"Now, my good man," said one of them to me, "this is not all, you must lend us Pierrot as far as Brunnen."

"With great pleasure, gentlemen," I replied, "you may leave him at the Eagle tavern, and the first time I go after provisions I can take him again. Pierrot is at your service; take him. You can mount him alternately, and even both of you at once; he is strong, and it will be a relief to you."

"But," resumed his comrade, "as some accident may befall Pierrot"—

"What can befall him?" said I, "the road is good from here to Ibach, and from Ibach to Brunnen it is superb."

"Still, there is no knowing. We will leave his price with you."

"It is unnecessary, I can rely on you."

"We will not take him except upon that condition."

"Do as you choose, gentlemen, you are your own masters."

"You told us that Pierrot was worth thirty crowns."

"At least."

"There, then, are forty, give us a receipt for the sum. If we deposit the beast safe and sound in the hands of the keeper of the Eagle hotel, he shall reimburse us; if any mischief shall befall Pierrot, you shall keep the forty crowns."

Nothing could seem more fair. My daughter-in-law, who knows how to read and write, because her father was the schoolmaster of Goldau, gave them a suitable receipt. Pierrot was made ready and they departed. To do him justice, poor beast! he was not willing to go; he looked back on us with an air so sad that it gave me pain, and I went and cut a piece of bread which I gave him, for Pierrot is very fond of bread, and it was the way to make him do anything you pleased; so that I then only had to say to him, "Come on," and he started. At that time he was as obedient as a spaniel."

"Age has greatly changed him."

"The fact is that no one would know him again, but with your leave, it was the misfortune in question, not age, which has changed him."

"That which happened to him on the way?"

"Oh, yes, Sir, and a dire one it was, was it not, poor Pierrot?"

"Let us hear it."

"It was one you would never guess. Now, then, you must know that these Parisian jesters had conceived a very droll idea. This was, that instead of warming themselves from time to time, as they had done the preceding evening, they would be warm all day as they went along their way, and in this view they had thought of Pierrot. I learned afterwards from a neighbour in Reid, who was at work in the forest and saw what they did, how the affair was managed. In the first place, they placed on his pack-saddle a layer of wet grass, and then on the layer of grass, one of snow; then a new layer of grass, and upon that a fagot of pine twigs, such as you see piled up all along the road. They then took their tinder box from their pockets and kindled the fagot, so that they had only to go behind Pierrot in order to keep themselves warm, and could reach out their hands and light their cigars, just as if they were at their own firesides. What say you to the contrivance?"

"I say that I perfectly recognize in it my Parisian countrymen."

"I ought to have known them too, as I had already made their acquaintance in the time of General Masena."

"But to go on with Pierrot."

"All was well for about the space of a league. They had passed through the village of Schonembuch warming themselves as I have described to you, and stopped only to put some wood on their fire. Everybody came out of doors to look at them; for such a sight, as you may believe, had never been seen. But by degrees, the snow which prevented Pierrot from feeling the heat had melted, and the two layers of grass had become dry; the fire was gaining ground without our Parisians being aware of it, and the more it increased, the nearer it came to Pierrot's skin; consequently, he was the first to perceive of it. He began to twitch in his skin, then to bray, next to trot, and then to gallop, so that our youths could no longer keep up with him, and the faster he went, the more the current of air kindled the fire. At length, poor beast! he became wild, and rolled on the ground; but the fire had reached his saddle and that roasted him, he arose from the ground and then rolled again. At last, by dint of rolling, he had reached the declivity of the river's bank, and as it recedes rapidly, he rolled down into the water.—The merry gentlemen went on their way without troubling themselves about him; for had they not paid for him?

Two hours afterwards, Pierrot was found; the fire was extinguished, but as the banks of the Muotta are precipitous, he had not been able to climb them, and had remained all that time in the icy water, so that after being roasted he was frozen; an attempt was made to bring him near a fire, but as soon as he saw the flame he ran away like one infuriated, and as he knew the road, he returned to his home, where he was ill for six weeks.

He has never since been able to endure either fire or water."

As I had seen more extraordinary antipathies than these of Pierrot, I could understand his perfectly, and he immediately recovered in my estimation all the consideration which he had lost by his two freaks." L. O.

From the Horticulturist.

## POPULAR ERRORS ABOUT THE "RISE AND FALL" OF SAP.

BY PROF. LINDLEY, UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

What curious hallucination is that which supposes the *sap of trees to fall*, or settle, in the winter into the roots! One would have thought that the notorious difficulty of cramming a quart of water into a pint measure, might have suggested the improbability of such a phenomenon. For it certainly does require a very large amount of credulity to believe that the fluids of the trunk and head of a tree, can by any natural force of compression, be compelled to enter so narrow a lodging as the root.—The idea, however, has established itself in some persons' minds, and we presume, in connection with that other old vulgar error, that the sap is in rapid motion in the spring time, in the roots of a tree, before it begins to flow in the branches.—These whimsies took their origin in days when the world was contented to accept assertions upon trust, and when hypotheses and vain imaginings formed the debased paper currency of science. But now men have found out the value of a golden standard, both for money and for knowledge; they call for facts before theories; and the result, already, is a wonderful disturbance in the scientific as well as historical legends.

We shall assume the word *sap* to signify the fluids, of whatever nature, which are contained in the interior of a tree. In the spring, the sap runs out of the trunk when it is wounded; in the summer, autumn, and winter, it does not, unless exceptionally, make its appearance. But in truth the sap is always in motion, in all seasons, and under all circumstances except in the presence of intense cold.—The difference is, that there is a great deal of it in the spring, and much less at other seasons.

When a tree falls to rest at the approach of winter, its leaves have carried off so much more fluid than the roots have been able to supply, that the whole of the interior is in a state of comparative dryness; and a large portion of that sap which once was fluid, has become solid, in consequence of the various chemical changes it has undergone. Between simple evaporation on the one hand, and a chemical solidification on the other, the sap is, in the autumn, so much diminished in quantity as to be no longer discoverable by mere incisions. The power that a plant may possess of resisting cold, is in porportion to the completeness of this drying process.

When the leaves have fallen off, the tree is no longer subject to so much loss of fluid by perspiration, nor to extensive chemical changes by assimilation. But the absorbing power of the roots is not arrested; they, on the contrary, go on sucking fluid from the soil, in driving it upwards into the system. The effect of this is, that after some months of such an actor, the loss of fluid which the tree had sustained in autumn by its leaves, is made good, and the whole plant is distended with watery particles. This is a most wise provision, in order to insure abundant food to the new born leaves and branches, when the warmth and light stimulate them into growth.

During all the winter period, the sap appears indeed to be at rest, for the re-filling process is a very gradual one. But M. Biot, many years ago proved, by an ingenious apparatus, that the rate of motion of the sap may be measured at all seasons, and he ascertained it to be in a state of considerable activity in mid-winter. Among other things he found that frost had considerable influence upon the direction in which the sap moves. In mild weather, the sap was constantly rising; but when frost was experienced, the sap bowed back again—a phenomenon which he referred to the contracting power of cold on the vessels of the trunk and branches, the effect of which was to force the sap downwards into the roots lying in a warmer medium; then, again, when the frost reached the roots themselves and began acting on them, the sap was forced back into the trunk; but as soon as a thaw came on, and the ground recovered its heat, the roots out of which a part of the sap had been forced upwards, were again filled by the fluids above them, and the sap was forced to fall. A large Poplar tree in the latter state, having been cut across at the ground line, the surface of the stump was found to be dry, but the end of the trunk itself dripped with sap. Sap, then, is always in motion; and if it ever settles to the root in a visible manner, that is owing to temporary causes, the removal of which causes its instant re-ascent.

As to the idea that the bleeding of a tree begins first at the root, and, in connection with this supposition, that what is called the rise of the sap is the cause of the expansion of buds, and leaves, and branches, nothing can well be more destitute of any real foundation. If in the spring, when the buds are just swelling, a tree is cut across the gronnd line, no bleeding will take place, neither will the sap flow for some distance upward; but among the branches the bleeding will be found to have commenced.—This was observed some years ago by Mr. Thompson, at the time the Duke of Portland's gardener who thought he had discovered that the sap of trees descends in the spring, instead of ascending; a strange speculation enough it must be confessed. The fact is, that the sap is driven into accelerated motion, first at the extremities of a tree, because it is there the light and warmth first *tell* upon the excitable buds. The moment the buds are excited they begin to suck sap from the parts with which they are in contact; to supply the waste so produced the adjacent sap pushes upwards: as the expansion of the leaves proceeds, the demand upon the sap near them becomes greater; a quicker motion still is necessary on the part of the sap to make good the loss; and thus from above downward is that perceptible flow of the fluids of trees, which we call bleeding, effected.

The well known fact of trees sprouting in the spring although felled in the autumn, proves that the sap has not at that time quitted the trunk to take refuge in the roots. Such a common occurrence should put people on their guard against falling into the vulgar errors on this subject.

CHOLERA.—The following medical letter on the cholera has been sent to the London *Times*, by the Reverend Mr. G. Winslow, vicar of Tugby, Leicestershire. The Reverend gentleman quotes his own experience of the treatment of the cholera, the result of which he says, is that "of all the maladies to which man is liable, there is none more easily subdued and more curable than the cholera, if the physician can only have a fair opportunity of combating the disease in its first invasion of the system. The great mistake we have all made is in regarding the diarrhœa which precedes the disease only as a premonitory symptom, and devoting our whole attention to the more concentrated form which it subsequently assumes; whereas it is the first stage—the first effect of the poison upon the system, and the only period of its progress when the disease may be successfully assailed. The remedy most useful in this and every stage is calomel.—Calomel is our sheet anchor in cholera. In the first stage, combined with opium, it rarely fails to cure, but it must be given in the larger dose of twenty grains of calomel to two of opium, and be repeated, if necessary, quickly; and in the subsequent states of the disease, it is the forlorn hope of the physician. No other remedy has ever succeeded where mercury has failed to restore the action of the liver; and we may as well attempt to blister a board, or warm a corpse with frictions and stimulants, or to rouse by such means the vital powers, when the patient has fallen into the state of collapse. Let the public remember the important fact, that diarrhœa is the first symptom of cholera, and in that stage it is most easily remedied; but if it passes that period, and the serum of the blood has been so drained off as to leave it like tar in the vessels, there is very little chance of any but a fatal termination."

# Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

MDLLE. DE LUZZI AND THE DUKE DE PRASLIN.—The Paris papers have reported the decision of at suit in which this lady—who at one time could little expe ct that her name would become familar to all Europe—was concerned. She brought a suit against Marshal Sebastani, to compel him to pay her an annual allowance of 3,000f. (£120) bequeathed to her by the duke, also 5,000f. which she had saved and left in the duke's hands. The Marshal consented to the payment of the annuity, but declared that the demand of 5,000f. exceeded the rightful amount by 1,000f. The court awarded to Mdlle. de Luzzi the payment of her yearly legacy, also of 4,000f. with interest from the date of her demand; and ordered that all articles belonging to her should be restored.

SCHILLER'S OPINION OF GOETHE.—"It would make me miserable to be often with Goethe; his feelings never overflow, even for his dearest friend; nothing can bind him, I certainly think he is a first-rate egotist; he possesses the talent of binding men, and of putting them under obligations by little attentions as well as by great ones, but he never commits himself. He makes his existence known by his benevolence, but he does it as if he were a god, he never gives himself. This appears to me to be a studied and systematic mode of action, calculated to foster the most refined enjoyment of self-love. He is one of those persons who ought to be kept at a distance. He is positively hateful to me on this account, although I greatly admire his mind, and think most highly of him. He has awakened within me a peculiar combination of hatred and love, a sentiment not unlike that which Brutus and Cassius must have felt for Cæsar. I would destroy this selfish spirit if I could, and then I should love him with all my heart. Goethe has much influence in inducing me to desire the completion of my poem 'Die Kunstler;' his judgment has immense weight with me.—He decided favorably 'The Gods of Greece,' but considered it too long, and in this he was probably right. His mind is mature, and his judgment, so far as I am concerned, is partial, rather against me than for me. Now, since it is especially important to me to hear the truth respecting myself, he is the very man, among all I know, who can render me this service. I think I must encompass him with spies, for I can never question him about myself."—*Correspondence of Korner.*

QUEEN CHRISTINA AND A WOLF.—The Madrid papers state that at a hunt, which took place in the park of the Casa de Campo, Queen Christina shot a wolf. The other sports of the chase were a wild boar and five deer. The day was serene, but piercingly cold.

CHARITY.—Men measure their charity by a peculiar standard. A man who has not a dollar in his pocket would give a penny almost for any purpose. If he had a hundred dollars he might give one; carry it higher and there comes a falling off. One hundred dollars would be considered too large a sum for him who has ten thousand; while a present of one thousand would be considered almost miraculous for a man worth one hundred thousand—yet the proportion is the same throughout—the poor man's penny and the widow's mite, is more than the rich man's sounding and widely-trumpeted benefaction.

President Polk, says the Scottish Press, is, we are afraid, getting very rapidly into a "fix;" into the unhappy predicament, so common of late, "jammed for cash."

The horse guards are the bright pokers of the army. They are kept up exclusively for show, most highly polished, but never intended to go into the thick of the fire.—*Comic Almanac.*

Mr. I. R. Chapman, in the Medical Times, states that Sydenham was the first physician who treated the small-pox as a distinct disease from measles, whilst the earliest known writer on small-pox (about A. D. 1300,) was Bernard Gordon a scotch-man practising at Montpellier.

It is stated in a letter from Rome, published by a German journal, that the Pope contemplates a new organization of the order of Jesuits, which will deprive it of all political character.

HUMAN GLORY.—The Roman Forum is now a cow-market, the Tarpeian Rock a cabbage-garden, and the palace of the Cæsars a rope-walk.

Ibrahim Pacha continues in Italy, where he enjoys much better health than in Egypt.

BERLIN GLOVES.—The custom of servants wearing Berlin gloves at dinner, was introduced by Sir Jonas Bullock, in 1811. He had a favourite black servant who always waited at dinner. The lady mayoress was dining with him on Sunday, and she had occasion to call for some blanc-mange. His black servant brought it to her, when his large black thumb by the side of the blanc-mange, had such a shock upon her ladyship's feelings, that she fainted away, and was carried home to the mansion-house, in a state of great danger. She never rallied. Sir Jonas was so hurt by this melancholy event, that he insisted upon his servants for the future always wearing Berlin gloves when they waited at table; and from this the fashion was introduced at Devonshire house, and then at court.—*Comic Almanac.*

[Lady Bullock must have been "raised" in the "Model Republic."]

OLD AND YOUNG IRELAND.—TERMS OF RECONCILIATION.—An attempt has been made by the "Congregated Trades" of Limerick to effect a reconciliation between Conciliation-Hall and the Confederates.—For that purpose an interview was had with Mr. Smith O'Brien. This honourable gentleman went over the whole dispute, and declared he would have no reconciliation till the Repeal Association was dissolved, and the organization re-modelled.

At the Hull police court, Christopher Galloper, a deaf mute, was under examination for disorderly conduct. He had come from York—a city which, in his picture language, he portrayed by holding his head to one side, and putting his hand to his neck! A pretty "coat of arms," remarks the *Gateshead Observer*, for a civilized city!

Amongst the gallant fellows lost in the Avenger, is the brave young Marryatt (son of the novelist) a noble-spirited, fine, manly fellow. He saved two men's lives by jumping overboard while at Lisbon, and received the thanks of the Admiralty for his conduct in the unlucky Sphinx, when she went ashore on the Isle of Wight.

In the course of 1947, 134,524 emigrants left Liverpool; of these 103,665 were bound for the United States, and 30,397 for the British North American colonies. The ordinary annual emigration from Liverpool used to be about 40,000, though in 1846 it was 74,913.

The hour of noon is now announced in Rome by the discharge of a 24-pounder from the castle of St. Angelo.

BURIALS IN CHURCHES.—The "ill-fained, unwholesome savour," which Latimer felt in St. Paul's Church, "when he was there in the mornings to hear sermons," and from the effects of which "he was the worse a great while after," is not confined to metropolitan churches. Nay! the "good and laudable custom of the citizens of Nain, to bury their corpses without the city," may be followed, and the nuisance still exist. The fine old church of Crossthwaite, in which the poet Southey is buried, stands, as many of our readers know, about a quarter of a mile from Keswick, in the centre of the fair and smiling valley of the Derwent—a country which seems consecrated by the mountain breezes and running brooks to the goddess of health. Two or three weeks ago this church was closed, the stench from some decaying corpses which had lately been buried within the building, having become insufferable. On two previous Sundays persons had to leave the church in a fainting condition, while the significant motions of the congregation showed how general was the feeling of annoyance. Is not this thoroughly disgusting and horrible? And yet it is a thing by no means of unfrequent occurrence, both in and out of London. Think of the feelings of the relatives on such occasions, the putrifying flesh of whose kindred fills the house of God with pestilential effluvia; while one individual after another staggers out, pale—or is carried forth, stricken lifeless by the poisonous stench!—*Gateshead Observer.*

HOW A REVIEWER MAY AVOID PREJUDICE.—In the palmy days of the *Edinburgh Review*, Sidney Smith happened to call on a colleague, whom he found to his surprise actually reading a book for the purpose of reviewing it. Having expressed his astonishment in the strongest terms, his friend inquired how he managed, when performing the critical office? "Oh," said Sidney Smith, "I never read a book before reviewing it; *it prejudices a man so.*"

BARTLEY received one hundred guineas for reading "Antigone" before the Queen on New-Year's day. Macready was applied to in the first instance, but he intimated that he would see her Majesty in a fix before he would go to see, as a reader, one who had never gone to see him as an actor and manager.

WINDSOR CASTLE.—A slaughter-house has just been erected on the royal property, a short distance from the castle, where the sheep and cattle fattened by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, in the Great Park (of which he is ranger), and at Flemish Farm are to be killed for the supply of the royal household.

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